THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXVIII. — No. 1540

JUNE 21, 1933

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE GOLF GOSSIP FILMS

Ascot and all That : Celebrities in Cameo : Music : "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes

EAR-TRUMPETS DISCARDED!

THE SENSATION OF THE CENTURY!

Old Ways Give Way to New!!!

Middle Ear, (Catarrh), Nerve, (Head Noises) slightly (hard-of-hearing) or very (so-called "stone") deaf in young or old and even cases hitherto regarded as hopeless now benefiting. Having made this great discovery in the interests of suffering deaf humanity its discoverer wants you to benefit. No matter what you have tried—with whatever result, you will greet this marvellous super sound, **tone-sense-renewing** method as the find of your life and its joy.

CALL NOW, PHONE OR WRITE

Ask for "Medical Commendations."

DENT (Suite 14) 309, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.

(Opp. D. H. EVANS' Clock.) 'Phones: Mayfair 1380/1718.

Drambuie

PRINCE CHARLIE'S LIQUEUR

The leading Liqueur of the Empire. Made in the Isle of Skye since 1745 from a recipe brought to Scotland by one of the Prince's French retainers. At all public and private functions, Drambuie with Coffee completes and rounds off a well-ordered repast.

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD.
9, Union Street - - - Edinburgh

BOLLINGER'S

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

CHAMPAGNE

SPECIAL CUVÉE

Nature's own cure for Arthritism.

CONTREXEVILLE WATER

It helps you to enjoy life.

LE TOUQUET SEA and FOREST

All the attractions of the seaside

All the advantages of a fashionable resort

45-hole Golf Links *30 Tennis Courts*

For your good health
Drink

Apollinaris

NATURAL MINERAL WATER

Obtainable in the new size
'Stone Split'

TRADE MARK.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross). Daily 12 Noon (Sundays, 6 p.m.).
EDGAR WALLACE'S MIGHTY SCREEN FANTASY
"KING KONG."
The Strangest Story ever conceived by Man.

HOTELS

Your friends will envy you staying at
THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA **Telephone: Hastings 869**
Everyone knows this attractive, luxurious, yet quiet hotel with its hundred-and-twenty-foot sun lounge facing out to the Channel across long stretches of beautiful sand. Hot and cold water to all the hundred bedrooms and private suites. Central and electric heating. Passenger lift. Garages. Music. A centre for everything. Very fine cuisine and vintage wines. ***From 4½ gns. incl.***

CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL
BOURNEMOUTH, WEST.
Ideal position in a flood of sunshine overlooking the Bay. Beautifully appointed with every modern convenience. Private Beach for Sea and Sun Bathing. Golf, Tennis, Music and Dancing. Garage for 40 Cars.
Telegrams: *Salubritas, Bournemouth.* *Telephone:* 53 *Canford Cliffs.*

HARROGATE — GRAND HOTEL
Adjacent to Baths and Wells. Modern appointments and the luxury and efficient service of a really well-run high-class hotel, on moderate terms. Finest cuisine and wines. Dinner-Dance every Saturday. Orchestra plays daily. Covered Sun Walk from Hotel to Pump Room. Terms and brochure from Mr. F. KUNG, Manager.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

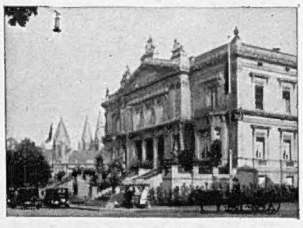
PARIS. HOTEL DE L'UNIVERS
10 RUE CROIX DES PETITS CHAMPS (Louvre).
Single room from Frs. 20; double, with bath, from Frs. 45. Full Pension from Frs. 50.

AIX-LES-BAINS
In large garden; garage; facing lake. From Fs. 70.
HOTEL ALBION.

LE TOUQUET. FOR A HAPPY HOLIDAY STAY AT
THE BRISTOL (BRITISH)
1st class; from Fs. 70 incl.
Terminus IMPERIAL AIRWAYS. OPEN ALL YEAR. APPLY FOR BOOKLET.

LE TOUQUET
SCAMPOLO & REGINA HOTEL
Latest and finest 1st class hotel facing Sea and Swimming Pool.
Apply for booklet. H. Moseco, Manager.

ST. CAST (Near DINARD) (Motor Bus)
The most charming resort on the Emerald Coast. Golf (18 holes), Tennis, Fishing, Fine Water Toboggan. The favourite hotel of English Society. Right on the Beach. 50 Baths. Dancing. **THE ROYAL BELLEVUE.** From 10/- in June, July and September. From 13/- in August.


Thermal Establishment

SPA (BELGIUM)
10 hours from London.
CURES FOR
RHEUMATISM, the HEART and ANÆMIA
Casino—All sports. 18-hole Golf Course
A Continental Sunningdale
The best Hotels:—
Annette & Lubin **Balmoral**
Britannique **Laeken**

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—(continued).

LE ZOUTE (BELGIUM)
Golf on perfect seaside courses at approximately £1 a week. Tennis on hard courts at 10s.
RIDING, FLYING AND BATHING
Full information may be obtained from the Secretary of the Royal Knocke Golf Club, or from the proprietors of the following hotels, where every modern comfort may be obtained at the most reasonable rates:
THE SIX LEADING HOTELS:
HOTEL DE LA BRISE — THE LINKS HOTEL
CARLTON HOTEL — MEMLINC HOTEL
THE GOLF HOTEL — ST. GEORGE'S PALACE

Badgastein.—AUSTRIA.

Hotel "Der Kaiserhof."—Luxury and Refinement. Finest position. Latest improvements. Prices reduced.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Coq-sur-Mer.—Hotel Beau Rivage.—A charming site in the Garden City, fac. dunes, nr. Golf & Tennis. Mod. prices; all comfort.

Coq-sur-Mer (Nr. Ostend).—The Grand Hotel.—Golf. Tennis. Free Bathing. 1st class 10/- inclusive. Prop., Demeulenaere.

Heyst-sur-Mer.—Casino Davico's Hotel.—All comfort. Pension from Fs. 45, with bath Fs. 65.

Heyst-sur-Mer.—Hotel de la Plage.—The leading hotel on the sea front. 125 rooms. Very mod. terms. Next to all attractions. A. van Isacker, Prop.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—On sea front. From 10/- day inclusive. Tel. Address: Palace, Knocke.

Ostend.—Hotel Providence-Regina.—First class; 200 rooms. Pension and à la carte From 11s. per day.

Tervueren.—Chateau de Tervueren.—Tel. (Inter-02) 51.60.11. Hgh. cl. fam. htl. Former Ryl. Res. 7½ miles from Brussels. Mar. site.

FRANCE.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest-class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned cuisine & cellar. Phone ev. rm. V.lge. garden.

Juan-les-Pins (A.M.)—Le Pin Dore.—100 rms., 70 bths. Incl. fr. Fs. 50. Open all year. 1st cl. new mgmnt. (lt. Ritz & Troc., Ldn.).

Juan-les-Pins.—"Les Ambassadeurs."—Open 1932; facing beach & casino. Every room with balcony, bath, 'phone.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Armenonville.—In forest. Nr. Casino. Large park. Priv. bus to Golf and Sea. Fr. 65 incl. Entirely renewed.

Le Touquet.—The Carlton.—Facing sea. Terms from Fs. 60. Branch House: The Carlton, Beaulieu (Riviera).

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First class 200 rms. Own garage with lock-ups. Mod. tms. Annexe: HOTEL du RHIN 2nd. class entirely renov.

Rouen (S.I.)—Hotel de la Poste.—The best hotel for tourists with restaurant "Le Relais Fleuri." Same mngmnt.: Hotel Royal, Paris.

St. Cast (Nr. Dinard).—Celtic Hotel.—200 rms., 100 baths. On golf links, spec. rates for golfers. Facing sea. Tennis. Terms from 13s.

Versailles.—Le Home Versaillais, 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furnished flats. 1st class appointmt. Very mod. rates.

Wiesbaden.—GERMANY

Hotel Metropole - Monopole.—On the famous William Street. First class. Very moderate prices. Pension from RM.9.—up.

Hotel Nassauer Hof.—The most up-to-date Htl. Thermal wt. in every priv. bth-rm. Gar. Phone: 59761. Cable-Address "Nassautel."

The Palace Hotel.—One of the finest and most up-to-date cure hotels on Continent with all medicinal bths. Pens. from 10 Mks.

Hotel Rose.—Leading Hotel for English and Americans. Thermal baths in the Hotel rooms from 5 Mks. Pension from 11 Mks.

Schwarzer Bock.—The best renowned hotel and bath house, Kochbrunnen. 280 beds. All comfort. Pension Mk.9.—up.

GERMANY—(continued).

Baden-Baden.—Bad-Hotel "Zum Hirsch."—150 beds. All comfort. Rooms with private thermal baths. Pension Mk.: 9—up

Bad Homburg.—Ritter's Park Hotel.—Mineral baths, sunbaths in the hotel. Patronised by H.M. King Edward VII. Pension from 9 Marks.

Bad Schwalbach/Taunus.—Staatliches Kurhotel.—Every rm. with priv. toilette & balcony. Erected 1931. Terms from RM.

Freiburg.—Hotel Freiburger Hof.—Modern House. 130 beds., 25 bathrooms. 5 o'clock tea. Trout fishing. Moderate rates.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Dresden (Saxony)—**The Bellevue Hotel.**—Beautifully situated on the River Elbe. Large Garden. Every Comfort. Garage.

PARIS.

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank Every possible comfort Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Royal Hotel.—33, Avenue Friedland. Champs-Elysées quarter. All comfort. Same management: Hotel de la Poste, Rouen.

MONACO (Principality).

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.—Opp. casino Gdns., Beach. 1st cl. Pens. fr. Frs. 50. with bath Frs. 65. Suite Frs. 80.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.—The Beau Rivage.—Finest pos. on Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. Splendid terrace with open air Restaurant.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On the lake facing Mont Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort. Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

Geneva.—Hotel Richemond. First class fam. hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to date. Rooms from 7 Frs.

Gland, near Geneva.—La Ligniere.—Splendidly situated in own private park and beach by the side of Lake Geneva. Ideal for rest.

The Bystander, June 21, 1933 No. 1540. Vol. CXVIII.

The BYSTANDER

Peter North

"LOVELY LINES"—

The Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton

"I saw her daunce so comely,
Carol and sing so sweetly."
Chaucer.

A new and attractive portrait of Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, the Earl and Countess of Winchilsea and Nottingham's elder daughter. This is one of the photographs appearing in Peter North's 1933 Exhibition, and the Chaucer couplet contains the "Lovely Lines" with which it is associated. *More portraits from the Exhibition are on pp. 528-529*

Above: Viscount and Viscountess Weymouth on their way to lunch. Lady Weymouth's attractive first-day clothes were all in dark blue and white

Below: the Hon. Roland Cubitt, Lord Ashcombe's eldest son, acting as lunch-time escort to Miss Monica Sheriffe

Above: Sir George and Lady Beaumont, having done with the champagne and strawberries, go back to the Enclosure

Above, left: Lady Nunburnholme, all prepared for a wet day on the sunless Tuesday, was with her husband

Lord Stavordale, wearing a grey top-hat with a nice curly brim, and Lady Stavordale, walking round together on the first day

Fashion Note

A velvet coatee with square shoulders and epaulette sleeves, was topped by a shallow white straw hat worn almost straight. Verdict: neat, but not lovely

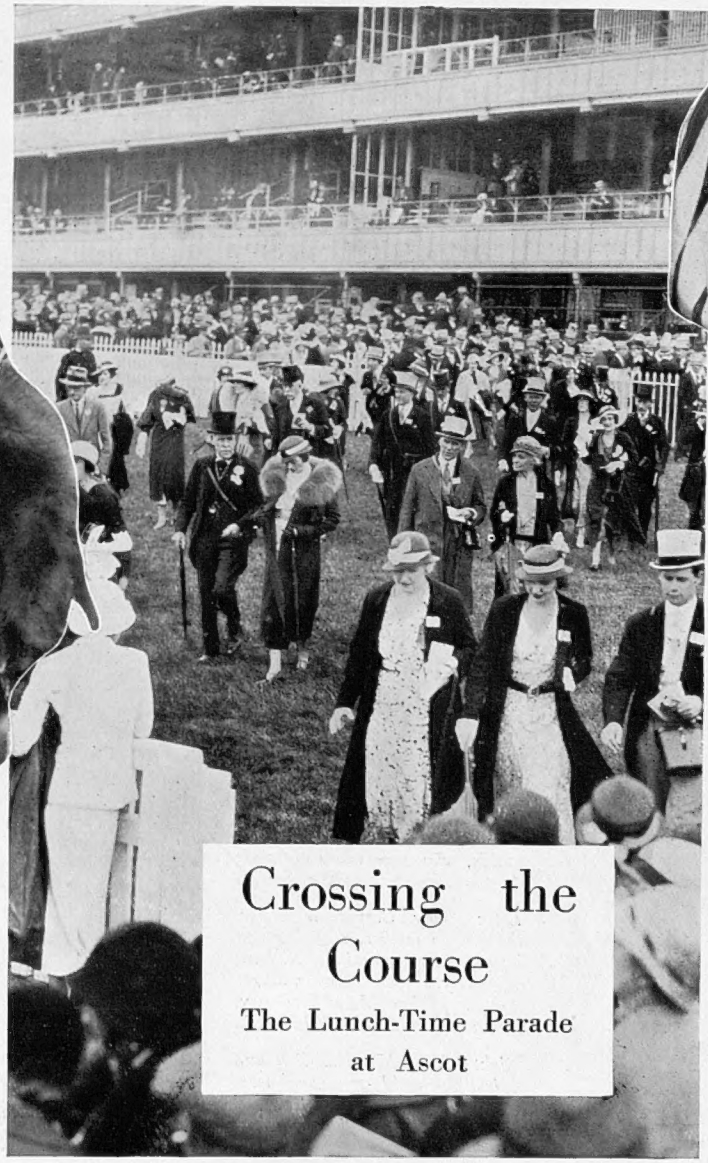
Sir Warden Chilcott doing the lunch parade across the course with Miss Diane Chamberlain, who was in red and white, and Lady Chamberlain, in black and white

Viscountess Suirdale, in the sort of big hat without which Ascot wouldn't be Ascot, and the Hon. Frances Balfour

Mr. Peter Wiggin and Miss Margaret Livingstone-Learmonth looking cheerfully engaged, were doing the meeting together

Above, right: Lady Broughton, whose black and white was as smart as anyone's, off to lunch with Baron Frankie de Tuyll

Mrs. S. O. Kellett, too much of a regular for fluffy clothes, looked as nice as anyone in her attractive striped dress



Crossing the Course

The Lunch-Time Parade at Ascot

Another fashion note was struck, and definitely struck, by Mrs. Woolley-Hart, whose Ascot clothes were no less original this year than they were last year

An All-White Wedding

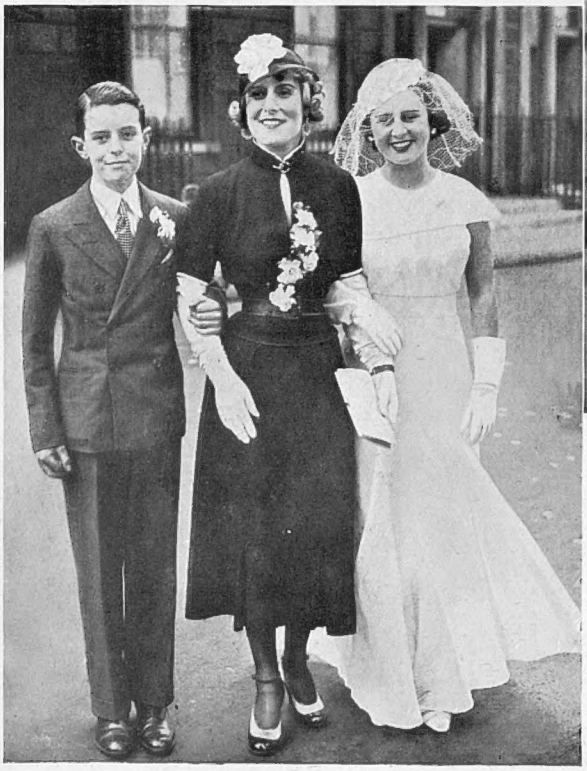
Lieutenant Charles Grant, and Miss Pamela Wellesley

The wedding of Lieut. C. R. A. Grant, R.N., the only son of Major-General and Lady Sybil Grant, and Miss Pamela Wellesley, took place last week at St. Bartholomew's the Great, Smithfield. The bride, who made her own wedding dress of white duchesse satin, was given away by her stepfather, Lord George Wellesley

Left: Miss Coates, Lady Joan Colville, and Lady Celia Coates arriving at the reception, which was held in Mansfield Street

Miss Jeanne Stourton and Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira arrived together at Lady FitzGerald's house for the reception. Lady FitzGerald is the bride's grandmother

Above: Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, one of the seven bridesmaids, who wore white organdie dresses and carried white flowers



Left: Lady George Wellesley, the bride's mother, with her son by her second marriage, Richard Wellesley, and her younger daughter, Miss Mary Wellesley, who was her sister's bridesmaid

Right: Miss Morrison-Bell and Miss Whitfield Saunders were two of the most attractive looking guests at the wedding

THE • MIRROR • IN • MAYFAIR

Reflections on the World and his Wife . . .

By "QUICKSILVER"

FROM blasé millionairesses to out-of-work servant girls, from tired bank clerks to dyspeptic colonels, everyone, everywhere, is demanding a commodity which, for want of a better word, we must call "glamour."

THE rich sit with ice on their foreheads, trying to find some place on the map they have not visited; to discover some inaccessible spot still attractive and unspoilt. The servant girl spends her last sixpence at the pictures; the tired bank clerk buys new bulbs for his back garden; the colonel goes out and gets drunk. It is a yearning for colour, for excitement, for something out of the ordinary.

WE all know too much: wireless, cheap travel and cinemas have taught us that the world is indeed a very small place. Newspapers, with their "real life" close-ups, have pulled down our heroes from their pedestals. The old story of "familiarity breeds contempt" is, alas! only too true. Such is human nature that it can only worship the mysterious and the unknown.

FOR 99½ per cent. of the population there are no dangers, no adventures, and few excitements to be found in life to-day. There is only the endless monotony of too little money, too little work and slow promotion. Yet the craving cannot be denied; the average mind demands some sort of illusion, some ideal, beauty, or glamorous object to raise it from the dust of the commonplace.

RELIGION has lost its hold, Gangsters, Fascists, Greta Garbo and Ghandi are jokes from other countries.

ANY show, parade, or pageant draws the English crowds, brings them in enthusiastic hordes to watch and applaud, to forget, for a while, the drabness of every-day existence. To the Trooping of the Colour, the Opening of Parliament, the Lord Mayor's Show, and to the two events of last week, Royal Ascot and the Aldershot Tattoo, they come in their thousands, ready to endure hours of any discomfort if they can finally feast their eyes on the glamour and glory of the Pageant itself.

AND what a pageant Ascot is! "Monarch of all he surveys" in the Royal Enclosure, Lord Churchill is the producer. A neat, dapper figure, immaculately dressed, Lord Churchill is slightly pompous to meet. He is very insistent that all the red tape and dignity of his office should be observed. The young man of good family who once typed his request for a voucher, had to present his grovelling apologies in person before Lord Churchill finally forgave his indiscretion.

THERE is an amusing story of Lord Donegall, Marquess and journalist, versus Lord Churchill, Viscount and major-domo of Ascot, which I dare not recount. Sufficient to say, Lord Donegall was victorious.

FEW people realise that Lord Churchill has been through the Scottish Divorce Courts as recently as 1927, when he obtained a decree for desertion from his first wife, Lady Verena Lowther, daughter of the third Earl of Lonsdale. His second wife is attractive; she has a pale skin and a very broad forehead, which she does not attempt to hide either with hair or hats. Lord Churchill has two daughters and a son by his first marriage, and a daughter, born in 1931, by his second.

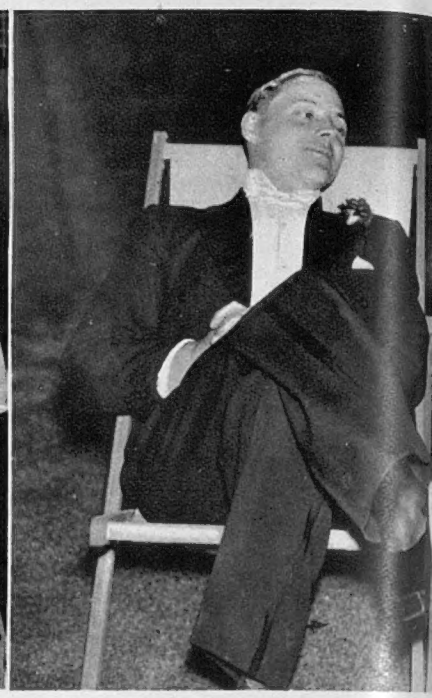
The Sea Instead of the Season

The Hon. Moya Beresford, Lord Decies' daughter, deserted London for ten days and went cruising, but came back for Ascot. Here she is playing deck-tennis, somewhere between England and Morocco, on the Mauretania's first cruise of the summer

Swaebe

A group at the wedding of Mr. Anthony Harford, son of the late Mr. H. W. L. Harford, and Miss Margaret Hotham, Viscountess Suirdale's sister. Miss Anne and Miss Catherine Hotham were the grown-up bridesmaids, and the children are Sally and Michael Hely-Hutchinson, Lord and Lady Suirdale's daughter and son

C



Dancing After Racing: The Ascot Ball at Wentworth

Mr. Richard Graham and Miss Diana Lambton, the Hon. Charles Lambton's daughter, dancing together in the big marquee which was used as a ball-room

Mr. R. P. Healing with Miss Daphne Mulholland, one of this year's débutantes, and Miss Ursula Horlick, Col. "Jimmy" Horlick's seventeen-year-old daughter

Lord and Lady Waleran sitting in two nice-looking deck chairs in the garden, and listening to the nightingale (if there was one)

THE . MIRROR . IN . MAYFAIR

THE Prince of Wales is lending Marlborough House Gardens for a Children's Party next Wednesday in aid of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children. The Princess Royal will take Lord Lascelles, who always enjoys these annual fêtes, and all the young mothers will be there. Undoubtedly, with its "thousand attractions," it will be the best Garden Party possible, and what charity can make a more heart-rending appeal? I am also interested in the wonderful developments of the Docklands Settlements. In twenty-five years its results are extraordinary, and, after all, here is charity at its best, not curing, but preventing, turning out good, useful citizens from a neighbourhood of pitiful poverty.

LADY MAUREEN STANLEY has been working hard, and is organising a ball, on July 6th, at the Dorchester. She is energetic, with the vitality which is so distinctive in her mother, Lady Londonderry. She is very pretty, in the best English manner, having a dignity which is rare and rather charming. She has a sense of humour, she is ambitious, and a good friend—need I add that she is popular?

THE Londonderry's have their own champagne, grown in their own vineyard. At Londonderry House, Park Lane, at the foot of the wide staircase leading to the ballroom, there are two recumbent marble figures, lying on what appear to be huge blocks of yellow marble. It is not! Touch it, and you find painted wood!

LADY LONDONDERRY'S jewels are famous; on State occasions they make a truly magnificent show, and she is one of the few people who look well, and carry their head well under a tiara, which is almost a crown. In her jewel-case is a fascinating turquoise bracelet in the shape of a small snake, a design beloved of our Victorian grandmothers. Lady Londonderry, after a surfeit of emeralds and diamonds, often wears this.

"ARE Englishmen observant?" someone asked me. On the whole, I do not think they are; they notice the obvious, but miss any subtlety. I remember a party of people discussing a well-known beauty. Everyone praised her eyes, complexion, and hair. Then the young Marquis de Brissac spoke. He said: "She has a very witty mouth." Few men seem to notice a woman's mouth; if they did, a large number of so-called beauties would remain unmarried.

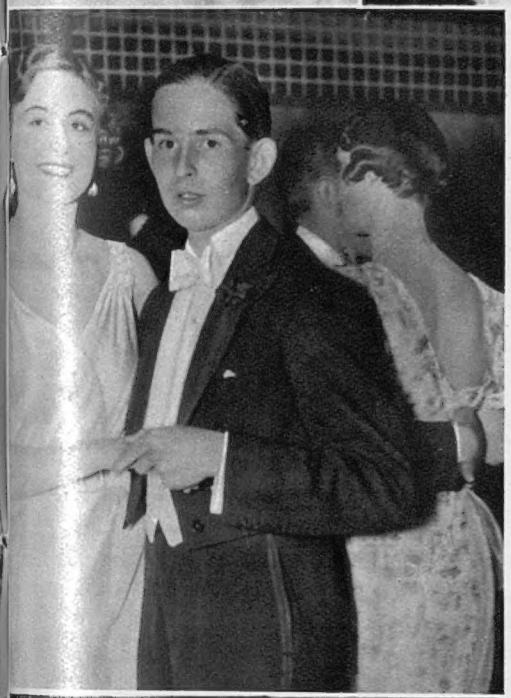
Dancing Before Racing: The Great Fosters Ball

Above: a supper group at the dance which was held at Great Fosters on Ascot Monday, including Mr. Harold Sutcliff, Lady Anne Hunloke, Captain Grahame-Chapman, Mrs. Harold Sutcliff, and Lord Donegall

Right: Miss Ivy St. Helier, Miss Phyllis Dare, the Hon. Maurice Brett and Miss Angela Brett at the first night of Ivor Novello's new play, "Proscenium," at the Globe. The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett (Zena Dare) has a leading part in the play

In Front of the Globe Theatre

Photographs by Swaebe



Above : Miss Katherine Horlick waiting for one of her squires, Mr. "Teddy" Phillips or Mr. Warrincher, to give her a light for her cigarette. (Odds on Phillips)

Above, right : Lady Carnarvon, who is quite one of the most attractive and popular of the racing regulars, talking to Sir Albert Stern

Left : Miss Marie Symons-Jeune, one of the "natives" (her family have a house near-by, at Windsor), dancing with Mr. L. Stonor

A mouth reveals the character more plainly than any other feature. My advice to my son will be : "Never love a woman with a thin, sulky or peevish mouth."

LADY MOIRA FORBES, who was engaged a short time ago to the Marquis de Brissac, has a generous and definitely witty mouth ; one could not imagine her to be capable of any meanness or narrow-mindedness. Her sister, Lady Dumfries, has a serious mouth, slightly determined, at times a little wistful, but courageous.

THERE are two engagements of note this week. Miss Rose Bingham's to the Earl of Warwick, and Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine's to Mr. Philip Dunn. They are all very young people, and have all, at one time or another, qualified for the adjective of "bright." Lord Warwick is good-looking, and has gained experience by his recent travels. Miss Rose Bingham is fascinating, and, since her illness, more charming.

LADY MARY ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE is intelligent. She has a keener mind than her brother Hamish, if not so superficially witty. Mr. Philip Dunn has yet to prove himself, as I have said before. A brilliant father is often a handicap. However, Mr. Dunn is reported to have been doing well in America. With a clever wife to help him he should go far.

LADY MARY and her brother are continually together. I do not think marriage will interfere with the joy they find in each other's company.

Sasha

Proscenium at "Proscenium"

Bassano

The Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine

Left : Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Rosslyn, whose engagement to Mr. Philip Dunn, Sir James Dunn's only son, was one of last week's important bits of news. Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine is twenty-one this year ; she is very popular, and has any number of friends in the hunting and racing world, and in the musical world, two sets of which she is a cheerfully enthusiastic member

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

Lady Sibell Lygon and Mrs. George Drummond were two of the women whose Ascot dresses stayed well off the ground even on the second day, when the sun shone on the frilly and the severe alike

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Koch de Gooreynd had their picture taken on Hunt Cup Day, on their way back from lunch. Mrs. Koch de Gooreynd's lace dress and big hat are traditional Ascot, and very attractive

A Racing Reverie

All Very Well at Ascot

By "Regular"

"ALL very well, maybe, for Scarlet Tiger, but terrible for your dear Mother." Thus spake the heads of many a famous household last Tuesday morning in deciding to give the opening day a miss.

AFTER the drought, the rain was welcomed on all sides, but "your dear Mother" has always liked to hear her feet rattle, and your dear Father, with the ever-present memory of 1930, when she had stuck fast in the deep going on the lower side of the paddock, wisely ordered the Rolls to be returned to the garage, and you, dear Patricia, had to resign yourself to some ladylike pursuit in the bounds of the great Metropolis.

ALL this I gathered as I stood with my eye glued tight to the rails of the Royal Enclosure, and saw people actually moving about. Usually, you are stuck fast, unable to move either way, like a late night at the Café de Paris, and then, of course, you 're as happy as can be. There 's nothing the aristocracy likes so much as being unable to move. Just before the last race I noticed the scion of a noble house also unable to speak.

To begin at the beginning, Lord Carnarvon won the first race, which was, of course, very nice for "Porchy," but it didn't make any of us much richer. Lord Carnarvon has had a deal of exasperating luck to contend with just lately, and this was a welcome turn of Fortune's wheel.

MADAGASCAR was ridden by Bartlam, who, like Lord Carnarvon, has never exactly been one of Fortune's favourites. You will often notice that Bartlam rides a horse two or three times, and then, all of a sudden, they put another jockey up and the horse wins. I have always thought that this must be very annoying for Bartlam.

ALL 's well that ends well, however, and now Bartlam has done a thing every jockey longs to do—won a race at Ascot, and no doubt Lord Carnarvon, to show his appreciation, will give him a ticket for one of Sidney Beer's concerts, and also put him up on some more of his "fancied goods." And, while we 're on the subject, with all the jockeys, bar Gordon, much of a muchness, I would just as soon put up Bartlam as many of his more fashionable brethren.

EVERYONE always hopes to see the King win, but for your cheers to ring with true loyalty it is essential for you to have had some small financial interest in the great triumph; and that, I may say, was the reason for Fox Earth starting at such cramped odds for the "Stakes," while Roi de Paris, who had almost as good a chance on the book, was 100 to 7. Fox Earth, however, like "your dear Mother," is better suited to the top of the ground, and ran indifferently, while Roi de Paris, splendidly ridden by little Buckham, got up in the last stride to win a short head.

AFTER this success I repaired to Buck's Club tent, which, once again, was a stone and a beating in front of any of the other club tents. While all you "lovelies" rush to your papers to read about the trousseau of Miss Barbara Hutton, we boys are every bit as keen to learn of the purchase of Captain Buckmaster. Last week he certainly did not let us down, and so taken were we with his grey ensemble that I 'll wager that next year there 'll hardly be a black morning coat in all Ascot.

BACK on the other side of the course I find the Smileys continuing their honeymoon in the champagne bar, and in this delectable spot one sees all the same people one 's seen for the last ten years, people who normally live the quietest and most abstemious of lives, all getting a little "nicely, thank you," because if you don't wake up every morning in Ascot Week with a mild headache you feel you haven't had your money's worth.

ALL the good things obliged on the first day, and on the way home we talked rather big about how easy it was to make money, provided one doesn't lose one's head. The gilt-edged good thing was, of course, Mediæval Knight, the horse on which Gordon had sung Ray to sleep at Newmarket a few weeks ago, but Maureen and Gainslaw were also as nice as nice can be, while dear little Hyperion was also grand for those who laid the odds.

GOING down to the post, Hyperion behaved badly, and kicked up his heels at the Royal Enclosure. I understand his father, Gainsborough, had a great number of wives, and I presume at some time or other Lord Churchill may have refused him a voucher, and Hyperion was only retaliating for the insult to his old Dad.

HUNT CUP DAY was lovely. From an early hour the sun shone from a cloudless sky, "your dear Mother" once again found the going she revels in, and I have seldom seen more "lovelies" than were present on this historic occasion.

THE greatest thrill of the day was provided by Myrobella. Many of us had done a nice bit in by the time her race came along, and drastic measures were necessary if one was to go home without that dreadful sinking feeling which means that one 's down the drain with no apparent means of ever getting out.

THE people with five hundred a year had three on Lord Lonsdale's grey; those with a thousand had six hundred. One and all, though, tried to look as though they only stood to lose 2s. 6d. Lady Weymouth and Lady Stavordale, to keep up the delusion, played noughts and crosses and sent their husbands to watch out for the number to go up.

AND did Myrobella—bless her great, big wonderful heart!—fail us in our time of need? I 'll say she didn't. Without ever giving us a moment's heart failure, she cantered in five lengths clear of anything, and made us all partially solvent again. Thank you, Myrobella! If you'd failed us . . . well, you didn't, so why harrow ourselves with depressing might-have-beens?

UNCLE "REGULAR" was wrong for once. The Blue Boy was caught in the last stride and the party was off. I have seldom seen a horse run gamer; he seemed to realise that all good Bystanders were on him to a man, but he found one a trifle better at the weights.

THE Hunt Cup was won by a good, fully-exposed horse in Colorado Kid. Buckham, who rode him, is certainly on the crest of the wave, but he must not be carried away by his success. Other jockeys have won the Hunt Cup besides Buckham. Tons of congratulations to Colonel Giles Loder and Victor Gilpin, and thanks to my very esteemed friend, "Guardrail," who insisted I should have a trifle on him. For further Ascot details, see next week's BYSTANDER.

June Engagement—July Wedding

The Earl of Warwick and Miss Rose Bingham

Shakespeare's Comments :

" What says Lord Warwick? Shall we . . ."
—Henry V. 3

" Which by main force Warwick did win "
—Henry V. 1

" Warwick is hoarse with calling thee "
—Henry V. 2

" Is Warwick friends with Margaret? "
—Henry IV. 1

The Earl of Warwick
A Drawing by Pat Charles

Bassano

LAST week was a most fashionable week for engagements, and that of the Earl of Warwick and Miss Rose Bingham was one of the most important to be announced. Lord Warwick, who is twenty-two, succeeded his father in 1928. Miss Rose Bingham, who is twenty, is the daughter of the late Mr. David Bingham and Lady Rosabelle Brand, and a granddaughter of the Earl of Rosslyn. She is a niece of Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine, who is a year older, and whose engagement was announced on the same day

Another June Engagement

The Hon. Lorraine Berry and Mr. Gwyn Morgan-Jones

The Hon. Lorraine Berry is the second daughter of the late Lord Buckland, and Lady Buckland. She is engaged to Mr. Gwyn Morgan-Jones, the Life Guards, son of Major Morgan-Jones, Llanmiloe, Carmarthen, and Mrs. Henry Young, of Danebury, Stockbridge. Her father was made a Peer in 1926 and was killed out hunting two years later, when the title became extinct

Yevonde

The Hon. Lorraine Berry

The Berry family are evidently aquarium experts and have a series of miniature ones down at Woolton House, Lady Buckland's house near Newbury. In the photograph on the left, the Hon. Lorraine Berry, who has four sisters, is with the youngest, Cicely, who is twelve. Miss Berry herself is ten years older

At the Theatre

If You Moscow to Moscow . . . Pick a Cool Night

Sketches by ROUSON

"Clear All Wires"

THE week coming within range of this chronicle was guilty of only one first night. "Guilty" is a rough word, but until managers give us sliding roofs as well as revolving stages, I would rather sit in the open air and be mutilated by midges than die of apoplexy and a boiled shirt in the stalls.

The thermometer was still busy in the seventies when *Clear All Wires* breezed in at the Garrick. This is an American play (the programme truthfully calls it "a hilarious comedy") by Bella and Samuel Spewack, about journalists in Russia. The scene is laid in a Moscow hotel. The arch-journalist is the foreign correspondent of the *Chicago Press*, and the world's champion bluffer. His secretary is an ex-thug, his travelling companion a Ziegfeld Folly.

When his news-stories get the bird, the irrepressible one stages a shooting affair. An effeminate Russian Prince—"the last of the Romanoffs"—is to receive a bullet in the arm. The Commissar of Foreign Affairs gets shot at instead; the journalist is wounded, hailed as a national hero, and given a bonus of 1000 dollars. But the G.P.U. discover the frame-up, and great is the fall of the hot-air merchant, who is too old-fashioned to realise the admirable epigram that "the public are tired of news; they want to know what's happened." Moral for young journalists—always speak the truth, and don't play around with your boss's favourite Folly girl. You can send a blonde to Siberia, but you can't keep her there. (You know what I mean.)

Bernard Nedell's part as the Big Noise is as big as it is noisy. When he isn't bluffing the comic Prince or the even more comic King's messenger, or the Prince's wife (but only in name), or bullying his Russian assistant or dictating a red-hot story, he's shouting down the telephone, in two senses of the term. This instrument, one way or another, carries about ten per cent. of the dialogue. And it doesn't get a mention on the programme, with the uniforms and the cigarettes and the Caucasian Orchestra (who make strange whoopee through masks—phew!). Mr. Nedell survived his voice trial well, and was still going strong when reprieved by a Hearst contract and marching orders for China, with the nice girl-journalist (Joan Marion) who had loved him ever since, etc., etc.

On a cooler night, this one-note, vociferous satire with amusing situations might have entertained me hilariously. But in spite of Bernard Nedell's bluster, Esmé Percy's quietly diverting Prince, Ronald Simpson's dithering under-strapper, and Greta Granstedt's lively, gold-digging blonde, I can't honestly include myself among that part of the audience that were "kept roaring with laughter" (vide Press). But then, I never *could* roar in a heat-wave.

Next week's bag—*Eight Bells*, *Proscenium*, *Cupid and the Don*, Sir Martin Harvey in *The Burgomaster of Stillemonde* (that takes you back a bit), *Ballets Jooss*, bequeathed to "Melos" for his music page, and *If I Were You. . .*

If I were you, I wouldn't be a dramatic critic.

TRINCULO.

The Ballets Jooss at the Savoy

The two clever pianists, Muller Kray and Fritz Cohen, play at each other on the slightest provocation. The centre figure is not a suggestion for summer uniform for the London traffic cop, but is Kurt Jooss himself as "Death," in "The Green Table" Ballet

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" **Caricatures by "Jonk"**

All eyes—or, at least, those that aren't riveted in hope and fear on the Geological Museum—will be on Wimbledon in a day or two. "Junk" and "Jonk" like to keep in the fashion, so their periscopes have been ranging over the lawn tennis players in the House. Constituting themselves into as impartial a selection committee as usual, they have decided on a Stock Exchange sextet who might appear on the Centre Court, or anywhere else that tennis experts are gathered together in friendly competition. The following are the selected six—

Rory McNair	"Bunny" Austin
A. D. Prebble	C. H. Kingsley
Gordon Smith	Stanley Barnes

Rory McNair is a Vice-President of the L.T.A., and has captained England several times in International matches. He and Brame Hillyard once played against each other as Meat-Eater versus Vegetarian, the match to be decided by one side retiring exhausted. Both kinds of diet, however, were productive of such stamina in their representatives that they lasted the whole day, and were still playing when darkness fell, so the match was called a draw. On the day of Peggy Scriven's Paris win, Rory McNair came in for a good deal of back-chat and cries of "Resign!", although he was in no way responsible for the actual selection of the British team. All afternoon he was chased round by brokers asking him the price of "Scrivens deferred" (Scribbans being the name of the well-known makers of slab-cake, whose shares are dealt in in the House).

A. D. Prebble, who has been a member for nearly forty years, was one of the best doubles players of his time, and was four times in the Mixed Doubles Finals at Wimbledon. He and Major McNair won the All-England Veterans' Doubles Championship in 1921. Perhaps his stoutest feat was when he won the Men's Doubles at Brighton with, as partner, a portly M.P. who is more active in the House of Commons than he ever was on the court. A. D. Prebble is also an L.T.A. Vice-President. He used to play battledore and shuttlecock successfully, too.

Sidney Tabor

The Squire of Harlington, Beds.

Gordon Smith played many times at Wimbledon, and was a good tournament competitor, but was not quite up to international standard. Owing to the mournfulness of his expression, he and Gordon Clether, the well-known singer, who was his partner in many a match and looked equally harassed, used to be called the "Gay Gordons."

"Bunny" Austin

Shorts on the Courts

"Bunny" Austin is so much in the public eye that little need be said here of his lawn tennis career. His game closely approximates to the rhythmic, classic style of the Dohertys. His shorts, however, do not approximate to anybody's. Although they may be more convenient than the fashions of yesterday, shorts can only look well on the few, and public opinion, never on the side of other people's comfort, will probably regulate the supply of shorts on the courts. "Bunny" Austin, although not a member, is with a firm of brokers, and, except during the tournament season, does his full share of work.

C. H. Kingsley played lawn tennis for Oxford for two years, and was captain in 1923. He has represented England in Davis Cup matches, and has won innumerable singles and doubles championships. He is also an old "Soccer" Blue.

Rory McNair and Gordon Smith

Two Good Judges

Stanley Barnes was a first-class player in his time, of pre-war vintage. "The glass of fashion and the mould of form" might be taken as his summing-up. He never expressed the slightest emotion on court, and no one ever saw him looking ruffled, metaphorically speaking, except on the famous occasion when his hair was, and that worried him very much.

"The sun has had his hat on," as the song says, and the Stock Exchange has, too, more than usual: the last heat-wave was responsible for a flood of variegated headgear pouring into the House. Grey toppers there are in plenty, of course, and now the once-defunct straw has reappeared in its dozens. Straw hats are so alike that the different effects they have on their different wearers is amazing. Sidney Tabor wears an ordinary gent's boater (vintage unknown), but he wears it with such an air that it 's easy to see how he got his nickname, "the Squire of Harlington," in his home town. He is justly proud of his roses at this time of year, and always displays a fine specimen in his buttonhole. In return for these few kind words, will he divulge the name and address of his tailor?

Who knows—

Why Oswald Powell was surprised at being asked by a blue-button boy the price of Dunlops, and what he said?

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 3

Brig.-General A. C. Critchley

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Hynes

THE Amateur Champion of France is a dour golfer and a dour worker. His face is seldom in repose. If it is not smiling, it is liable to be scowling—at any rate, it will be tense. "Critch" is one of those rare people who will put on spectacles to improve their golf and take them off when they have finished the round. One of his closest friends said of him the other day: "General Critchley makes enemies without any trouble at all. He never loses either a friend or an enemy. He despises fools. He sometimes makes the mistake of thinking a man to be a fool when he is not!"

Born in Calgary, he ran wild on his father's ranch until he was eight. So you can imagine the fireworks when he arrived at a polite Eastbourne preparatory school. After three years, he was entered for the Naval College at Greenwich, and only a dose of scarlet fever prevented him from becoming possibly the youngest Rear-Admiral in the Navy, just as, later, he became the youngest Brigadier-General in the Army.

THE Silent Service being thus compelled to do without him, "Critch" went to St. Bees, in Cumberland, where he played in every team in the school—fives, football, cricket, boxing, and running. He next appears at the Royal Military College at Kingston, in Canada, and joined the Regular Army in 1908. He played polo for Canada in his spare time, and when the war broke out was Captain and Adjutant of Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians). He got his D.S.O. at Festubert in 1916 as a Captain.

The war over, he had the option of staying in the Army, but he thought he was too young for it. He spent the last six months of his leave playing polo down the Pacific Coast, and, after this final fling, went to Mexico, where he saw Carranza, the President, and arranged with him to bring in two hundred officers to colonise a large area in which he had an interest. After this interview, an American Secret Service man shadowed him everywhere, and American newspapers quoted him as being one of the causes why the United States ought to go to war with Mexico. His Mexican partner's passport was impounded, and other newspapers said that he himself would be arrested. Afterwards, though the deal fell through because the British Foreign Office said that he was on ticklish ground, they all had to apologise handsomely.

ANOTHER venture was a trip, commissioned by a Swedish firm, to examine possible oil-bearing land in Guatemala. But he got dysentery there, nearly died, and was told by the doctors that he must leave the tropics at once. He returned to England with no money, no job, and more dead than alive. Nevertheless, he turned down a £2,000 a year job because he thought it would lead nowhere.

His first real chance came when one of the oil companies in which he had been interested asked him to represent their interests in the Associated British Portland Cement Company, which he gingered up a lot, and of which he is still a director. Then he met Charlie Munn, the American sportsman. Charlie Munn had the greyhound patents. They joined forces. "Critch" was made.

LOOK at the crowds at the White City and Harringay. See the Greyhound Grand National—all built up from an original capital of £24,000, the first £14,000 of which went before the opening night at Manchester, where they started. At least as remarkable to the golfing public has been the way in which "Critch," a bad six-handicap player, with a dreadful swing, "took golf by the scruff of the neck," with the result that he won the King William IV. medal at St. Andrews, the Surrey Championship, and now the French Amateur Championship. "But, relatively speaking, I was always an infinitely better polo player than golfer," he says. Well, there you are. You may like him or dislike him. But at least he has immense guts, and has invented an entirely new industry.

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

"The Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes (10th Year)

Miss Helme Describes the Last Two Days at Turnberry

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I THINK, since Miss Wilson did not win THE BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes with Mrs. Percy, it was eminently right that Miss Beryl Brown and Miss Jessie Firth should. That is to say, if it can be right for Sassenachs to win Scottish Cups.

This year, of course, there was the extra excitement of an Irishwoman in the final, Mrs. J. B. Walker, partnered by Mrs, Jack Burt, about whom I shall have plenty to say in a moment. First of all, though, I want you to know how splendidly Miss Brown and Miss Firth played in every department. It is the fashion to praise Miss Brown's brassies, Miss Firth's chips, and the putting of both of them, and that must emphatically be done; but if you were to say Miss Firth's brassies and Miss Brown's chips, you still would not be far off the mark, for the long and the short of it is that both of them hit the ball right in the middle of the club, no matter what that club happened to be. They were a couple to be respected.

So were, as it proved, Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Burt. Mrs. Walker has not been Irish Champion for nothing; she has all the experience and she is wonderful out of a bunker. She is, in fact, a very finished player, as Miss Gourlay found to her cost last month. Moreover, she is not only a good golfer, but a very fine chooser of a partner, for nobody ever had a better bargain of a fourteen handicap than Mrs. Burt made with Mrs. Walker's experience to direct and encourage her. Mrs. Burt is so long, she has such a wonderful range of shots, and she does not seem afraid to produce them in the hour of need, when her partner, for once in a way, lets her down.

WE must now retrace our steps to Thursday morning, when the last sixteen couples were lined up for action. The best golf that morning was played by Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Fleming, who used to be Southerners, but have both married Scotsmen and showed themselves proper daughters of their adopted country by going out in 38. Miss Firth and Miss Brown expected rather tougher opposition from Miss Ferelith Low and Mrs Heaton than that undoubtedly good pair gave them. Mrs. and Miss Mellis could not quite keep up their form of earlier rounds—to beat a third pair with an International in it was perhaps too much to ask of them, and Miss Sophie Millar and Miss Robertson Durham got home by 3 and 2.

In the afternoon, the most exciting thing was the defeat of Miss Enid Wilson and Mrs. Percy by Miss C. M. Park and Miss M. G. Couper. There were too many gorse bushes about for Miss Wilson's side; in fact, I don't think she did herself justice up here at all, but it was good to see her playing golf which she obviously enjoyed, and, indeed, the charms of Scotland have proved so irresistible she is still here when I write, and planning yet more sails on the Clyde, more tennis, more bathing, more of everything delightful. I don't mind telling you it's quite hard work to keep on dry land, and not in, or on, the sea, which has looked so absolutely glorious ever since we got here. Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Fleming could not keep up the morning brilliance, and Mrs. Galbraith and Mrs. Scouler Buchanan were too deadly round the hole for them. So were Miss Firth and Miss Brown against Miss Robertson Durham and Miss Millar. There only remains to tell you that Mrs. Burt and Mrs. J. B. Walker were too good for Mrs. Boyd and Mrs. Shore, a long handicap pair who had kept the flag flying bravely until then. People kept on saying: "It 's all very well, but Mrs. Burt is bound to crack when the pinch comes and the gallery." The pinch and the gallery came, but not the crack. Mrs. Burt still played admirably on the Friday morning, and finished the match 6 and 5 by screwing round a half stymie. That was against Miss Park and Miss Couper, who had rather collapsed, perhaps as very natural reaction after winning from Miss Wilson's side. Mrs. Galbraith and Mrs. Buchanan stood up nobly to Miss Firth and Miss Brown, who had what looked like a flying start, but were beaten 5 and 4.

"The Bystander" Ladies' Foursomes Winners

Miss Jessie Firth, with her mascot, Tinker, who assisted at every round, and Miss Beryl Brown, photographed after their victory at Turnberry, with the Cups that cheered them

AS for the final, I should really rather like to use that dreadful word "scintillating," because there were moments when all four of them merited it. Mrs. Walker certainly had to reproach herself for a shot or two, but that was only natural, for there is a certain amount of strain in captaining a side and inspiring your partner to doughty deeds as well as performing them yourself. Mrs. Walker had played so magnificently all the week that those few lapses came as horrid surprises to admiring onlookers. The very shock of them constituted praise for all the rest of her play. Miss Firth and Miss Brown went away at the beginning, and then, when everyone had given up hope of a close match, Mrs. Burt and Mrs. Walker turned to and chased them until it was quite a frightened pair who got home on the 17th. One very pleasant thing about the final was the absolute impartiality of the crowd, who cheered and clapped good shots, whether they were played by Scottish, Irish, or English, and there was certainly no doubt about the unanimous wish of everybody at the prize-giving to say "Of course we will" when Mr. Richmond so gallantly said that Turnberry Club sentiments were expressed by the old song, "Will Ye No Come Back Again?" Mr. Turnbull spoke delightfully on behalf of the London, Midland, and Scottish, and Miss Brown and Mrs. Walker for the competitors.

AFTER the Foursomes, stern scoring business, of which the Scotties have an orgy before starting the match-playing part of their championship. The heroine both of the Inter-Club day and of the individual score competition was Mrs. J. B. Watson. Incidentally, she had won the scratch prize of the National Playing Fields' Competition on the Friday with 79, which equals par. On the Saturday she won the Baby Quaich with 78, and on the Monday the Glover Trophy with 79. If that is not fine going I shall be very much obliged if you will tell me what is. Privately, recalling the rude remarks of a certain section of the Press several years ago, Mrs. Watson and Miss McCulloch style themselves "The Old Trouties." Just to show what a forceful fin they can still flap, Miss McCulloch joined Mrs. Watson in the 70's with 79; so did Mrs. Percy, with another 79, and was instantly admitted to the aquarium.

OF course, it is not de rigueur to make too much of individual scores in the Inter-Club effort for the Quaich. I ought to have told you first that Troon I. carried that off and also headed the list under handicap for the Grainger Cup. The same players not being allowed to take both, Troon II. annexed the Grainger. The Scouler Buchanan scratch aggregate Cup, of course, went to Mrs. Watson. As I write, we are all saying about her, "What next?" including Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, who was second for the Glover Trophy with a fine 80, and now meets Mrs. Watson in the first round of the championship.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

P.S. Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery—all praise to her—beat Mrs. Watson 3 and 2. She hung on by long putts when she ought to have lost them at the start, and went on holing them when Mrs. Watson rallied. It was a great performance.

On the right: L. to R. Miss C. M. Park, semi-finalist, Mrs. Jack Burt (Troon), runner-up, Mrs. W. Galbraith (Troon), semi-finalist. Miss Jessie Firth and Miss Beryl Brown (Formby), winners, Mrs. J. B. Walker (Troon), runner-up, Mrs. Scouler Buchanan (Moray), semi-finalist, and Miss M. G. Couper, semi-finalist

Winners and Runners-Up

Turn Again Turnberry: *Another Great Gathering for Our Scottish Foursomes*

Mr. J. B. Richmond, C.B.E., captain of the Turnberry Golf Club, presenting the replica cups to the winners, Miss Jessie Firth, Champion of Lancashire, and her partner, Miss Beryl Brown, of Formby

Runners-Up

Above: A "close-up" of Mrs. Jack Burt and Mrs. J. B. Walker (Troon), who reached the final only to be beaten by Miss Jessie Firth and Miss Beryl Brown

Above, right: Mrs. C. F. Edwards (Kilmalcolm), Mrs. S. Fleming (Troon), Mrs. Scouler Buchanan (Moray), and Mrs. W. Galbraith (Troon). The latter pair won by 2 and 1

Right: Miss Enid Wilson (Notts), Mrs. H. J. Percy (Alnmouth), and Miss C. M. Park and Miss M. G. Couper, who won against redoubtable opponents—4 and 3

Above: Miss Valentine Urie and Mrs. James Paterson, the Captain of the Turnberry Ladies' Golf Club, on which magnificent course this popular competition was held

Bassano

The Lady Honor Guinness

Lady Honor Guinness, who is the elder of the Earl and Countess of Iveagh's three daughters, has just announced her engagement to Mr. Henry Channon, the young American author. She is as intelligent as she is popular, is one of the musical regulars, and, being her father and mother's daughter, has keen political interests

HOT·POT

IS Sir James Dunn? NO!
Is Mrs. Goodenday? YES.

* * *

"EVERY man has his price," a Viscountess has dared to disclose.

* * *

IS one of the treasures at the Treasury getting a little tarnished?

* * *

HAS the M.P. for a London constituency generous views on marriage—for others?

* * *

THE charming secretary of a charming politician has a charming flat.

* * *

IS an American hostess's straightened mouth worth the pain and price?

* * *

A RICH man with fashionable, but unorthodox tastes is glad, methinks, to be deserted.

* * *

LADY FURNESS'S feminine fans are kept busy.

* * *

HAS Lady Castlerosse the best legs in London?

IT is whispered underground that a famous and rich man has a broken heart.

* * *

NOSES are no bar to social publicity in England. Blonde wives are an asset.

* * *

IT is indeed lucky when ambition can go hand-in-hand with honour.

* * *

DOES Lady Sholto Douglas like jewellery?

* * *

DOES a much-talked-about and much-talking young man make love up to Hollywood standards?

* * *

WHAT time does Miss Dorothy Paget like breakfast?

* * *

DOES Sir Herbert like a garden?

* * *

A RICH man has opened the portal of luxury to his pretty relation by marriage.

THE son of a well-known banker evidently likes his wild oats well chaperoned.

* * *

HAS Cad's Corner become a little too hot for a little man?

* * *

JEANIE and Brenda are two pretty girls.
Jean does her hair into lots of small curls;
Brenda 's a Princess, with husband so tall,
Jean has a Baronet, collar and all.
You see her in sables, diamonds, and silk,
But she says her complexion is "just due to milk."

* * *

"FOR miles and miles," the Countess commented.

Swaebe

Amateur Mannequins Rehearsing

Mrs. Charles Hubbard, the Hon. Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Mary Sharpe, Mrs. Huskinson, and Miss Farquharson "dress-rehearsing" before their appearance to-morrow as mannequins at the garden party in aid of the West London Hospital, when they will display model dresses before the dresses are sold by auction

Engaged

Four Names in the "Brides' Book"

Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice is the elder of the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne's two daughters, and is twenty-one this year. She is engaged to the Hon. Edward Bigham, eldest son of Viscount and Viscountess Mersey. Lady Elizabeth Meade, the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clanwilliam, and Mr. Charles Rankin Scott announced their engagement early this month. Mr. Scott, who is in the 60th, is the son of the late Mr. J. H. Scott, and Mrs. Scott, of Eredine, Argyll

Lenare

The Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice

Lenare

The Lady Elizabeth Meade

Lenare

Miss Joan Torrens

Miss Joan Elisabeth Torrens is the only child of Dr. and Mrs. James Torrens, of 46, Wimpole Street. Her fiancé is the Hon. Charles Russell, the only son of Lord and Lady Russell of Killowen; he is the grandson of a Lord Chief Justice of England, a son of a Lord of Appeal, and is himself a barrister. Miss Maureen Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gordon's eldest daughter, is being married on Midsummer's Day to Mr. Peter Hervey Bathurst, from her lovely Wiltshire home, Boveridge Park. Mr. Hervey-Bathurst is Sir Frederick Hervey-Bathurst's eldest son

Dorothy Wilding

Miss Maureen Gordon

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

THE delegates to the World Economic Conference cannot be displeased with their publicity. Everything that could be thought of has been done to make them feel at home; even their indiscretions have been expressly reported. The English delegation alone has been allowed to remain more or less in obscurity.

I BELIEVE that the key to the Conference's success or failure is in the hands of the Germans. They were given their marching orders before they left Berlin, but Dr. Schacht, for one, may find that they cannot be as strictly adhered to as Hitler would like.

THE German moratorium has upset some of the private banking firms in the City much more than they would like to own to, though they may be forced to make a clean breast of it. I know of two firms, who preferred to back German industry rather than support their own countrymen, who wish now they had been rather more patriotic. They found the money to finance a direct rival to Britain's shipping trade, and now that they have lost their money, they realise they haven't even anything to show for it. When one thinks of the support given by these City financiers to the Cunard and other industrial companies, one cannot restrain a slight feeling of satisfaction that occasionally inscrutable Providence paves their ends as well as shaping them.

THIS day week Mr. Baldwin will meet yet another crisis in his political life, and the Conservative Party will decide, probably finally, whether it is going to keep him for good or say good-bye to him for ever. Mr. Baldwin will remain in the saddle. There is little doubt of it. Besides, the battle on the 28th is at the Friends' House. Someone is a good stage-manager.

MR. BALDWIN, I suspect, will appeal to his friends and to old loyalties. It is his trump card, and in the present circumstances, about the best one he can play. I was talking last week to a man whose business takes him all over England, and I asked him what was the general impression he had obtained of the country's opinion on the Government's Indian policy. He said: "Sixty per cent. against the White Paper; forty per cent. for."

WILL this be reflected in the voting next Wednesday? I am quite certain it won't. "Out of sight, out of mind," and the Conservative delegates will prefer Mr. Baldwin in the flesh to their associations in the spirit. But when their leader gets his vote of confidence—for this, in his cleverness, he will turn the vote on India into—it does not mean the suspension of his opponents' activities. On the contrary, their efforts will be intensified. The India Defence League has hardly begun work as yet. But they have planned an ambitious programme for themselves, and they mean to go through with it.

IT has not passed unnoticed, nor uncommented on, that the Secretary of the Union of Britain and India, the rival organisation to the India Defence League, was Lord Brabourne, who is to be the new Governor of Bombay. One would hesitate to draw a conclusion from the fact that he was previously Sir Samuel Hoare's Parliamentary Private Secretary, just as one hesitated to draw a conclusion when Mr. Butler, another of Sir Samuel's private secretaries, was made Under-Secretary of State for India. There is, though, no truth in the rumour that Mr. Geoffry Lloyd is to be the next Viceroy.

IF Sir Eric Drummond is to be our new Ambassador in Rome, it is a piece of great good fortune for the Italians. But is active and prolonged service on behalf of the League of Nations quite the qualification for a British Ambassador? The League's interests are not always those of Great Britain. Will Sir Eric be able completely to throw off the old love for the new? Moreover, these importations of amateur diplomatists have not been altogether a success in the past; and there are few enough "plums" for the professionals as it is.

THE Commons, as I wrote last week, has been relegated to a back seat. Only the Under-Secretaries and the journalists remain. Both have to earn their living. But now, surely, is the time for our brilliant young Tories? I am tired of their continual complaints that they cannot get in to the debates; now they will be able to, if they want to, if they have anything to say. I suppose they can collect forty of their friends to stop and listen to them?

Sir John Gilmour, Home Secretary, and Sir Hilton Young, Minister of Health, leaving 10, Downing Street, after the Cabinet meeting called to discuss war debts

Sasha

Mr. W. H. D. C. Hutchinson

M.P. for Romford, is the owner of a delightful house in Westminster. Formerly a coach-house, the stables are still retained at the back of the building

HERE is a chance for Sir Gifford Fox. And Sir Paul Latham might let himself go at last. He really ought to make his maiden speech before he gets married. These two young baronets, incidentally, have much in common. The only sons of exceedingly clever self-made business men—one made a fortune in sugar, the other in silk—they both decided at a very early age that their interests lay in politics. Safe seats were offered them: Henley, Scarborough, There they are, independent, secure. What are they waiting for?

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

Sasha

Impromptu

Jean Gillie and Her Balloon

Jean Gillie makes an all-too-brief appearance in "Music in the Air," at His Majesty's, when she comes drifting into the Munich Music-Publisher's office and does her attractive little dance with a balloon. Then out she goes, and is seen no more. But she surely will be seen again, in other and more elaborate parts, for she is as lovely to look at as she is light-footed and graceful as the Bubble Dancer

"Lovely Lines"

Poem and Personality in the Peter North Exhibition

Right: *Lady Peel*

"Most discoveries are made every fifteen years"
—George Bernard Shaw

Below: *The Marchesa Malacrida*

"Sit still, my daughter"
—Book of Ruth

Lady Lov

"Only the heart knoweth

Left: *Miss Clare Elwes*

"The air overcharged with subtle perfume grows faint from the essence of manifold bloom."

—Adam Lindsay Gordon

THE theme of Peter North's 1933 Exhibition of Photographs is a three-fold expression of beauty: in the sitter, in the composition and lighting of the photograph, and by the quotation with which each portrait is associated. The portraits are of well-known people in art and literature and, for the most part, in London society, and quotations have been chosen by or for each sitter. The Exhibition, which opened on Monday, is at 28, Old Burlington Street

Below: *The Lady Alington*

"Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge"

—Shakespeare

very

its own bitterness"

—Ecclesiastes

Mary Carlisle, Lilian Bond and Lona Anare, who appear in the Paramount picture "Pick Up," in which Sylvia Sidney and George Raft take parts. The girls look modern, but the tricycle is obviously ancient

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on This and That

By "The Bystanders"

WHAT stretch of road is more delectable than that between Dijon and Chalon-sur-Saône? We drove along it, some days ago now, on our hurried way to the lascivious pleasures of the Côte d'Azur. The experience is unique; it is like driving through a gigantic wine-list, 68·6 kilometres long. Every lovely name in the Burgundy section winks its beaded bubbles at you from the Dunlop town-signs. Here they come—Chambertin, Vougeot (we sing that high, rosy brick wall with the locked gate marked "Close de Vougeot"!), Vosne-Romanée, Nuits-Saint-Georges, Corton, Beaune, and Meursault. Sunlight dapples the leaves of the stripling, tender vines; lights the rich red of that famous soil across which, bowed, as though in prayer, beneath the tanks upon their shoulders, tramp sad men, turning the vines yet greener with copper sulphate. The experience was a heady one; the vinous nature of it may explain why, ten minutes after leaving Chalon, we became involved in what promised to be one of the sweetest smashes in automobile history. Participants were ourselves, a carossier from Chalon, and the Paris representative of Hispaño-Suiza, returning in a hurry from the Barcelona Motor Show. The coach-builder was punctured—not so much he as his tyre; Hispaño escaped by driving round a tree; we, poor suckers, stripped our gears and had to continue the journey by train, which, on Whit-Monday, jour de fête, was no spacious experience. As we lurched southwards, the train sang to us consolingly: "Corton, Beaune, Close de Vougeot, Meursault, Nuits-Saint-Georges."

"Ride 'im, Cowboy!"

A REACTIONARY invited us recently to accompany him to a spot from which, he claimed, it was possible to see the three ugliest sights in London. Always game for a bit of fun, we went. Sights in question consisted of a war memorial, the juvenilia of a famous sculptor, and a crowd of carrot-sodden enthusiasts emerging from the lunch-room of a vegetarian restaurant. Now guess!

THE appointment of Colonel Dawnay as Controller of Output to the B.B.C. very nearly established a new dovecote-fluttering record for 1933. "Why a soldier?" was the cry. Our own invaluable opinion, formed practically without thought, is that, though "Controller of Output" is a pretty stuck-up title, anyway, the Colonel will probably make a nice job of his dictatorship. Broadcasting is directed at present by a Vice-Admiral (Controller), an Engineer (Director-General), a chicken farmer (Entertainment Director), a naval Paymaster (Business Manager), a Canadian journalist (Director of Publicity), and a housemaster from Borstal (Talks Director); while the Board of Governors includes a novelist, an insurance expert, and a former Speaker of the House of Commons. Music, eccentrically enough, is controlled by a musician; engineering department by a wireless engineer. Brand-new professions can't be supplied with pros. "off the peg"; present directorate, if a trifle like Fred Karno's army, have made a sweet, wholesome success of their business. These are tough times for soldiers, though. *Sunday Referee* echoed the general lack of enthusiasm for warriors by referring to the new man throughout its story as "Colonel Downey." The polite horror of certain other critics suggested that Dawnay, one of Lawrence's co-crusaders with the Arabs, must be a bloodstained bully of the early Raemakers period!

THE recent Covent Garden season produced one nice incident. A certain Royal personage is known to be a whale for music drama; dotes upon *La Bohème*; has seen the naughty milliner, despite the Bohemians' assiduous muff, cough her life away more times than he would care to mention. This year, arrangements for his visit went awry; he was booked by mistake to see *Tannhäuser*. Royal personage was, understandably, unnerved by the error. Opera, for him, meant, and always would mean, *La Bohème*; all he knew about the other was that it was lengthy, and contained *O Star of Eve*. Determined to make the best of a gloomy situation, his equerries called Covent Garden to enquire which act of *Tannhäuser*

"Dress" Parade, a typical scene on board the Red Star "Lapland," which has started on a "Bystander" pleasure cruise to Teneriffe, Las Palmas, and the Azores. Nothing is omitted to entertain passengers

contained *O Star of Eve*. With any luck, they thought, the beloved aria might fall early, thus enabling their master to get away before he started the oboes yawning too. Unluckily, *O Star of Eve* is placed in Act III. The worried officials asked Covent Garden, as a favour, to transfer the darned thing to Act I. Covent Garden, though game for most things, including this year's production of *Don Carlos*, shied at this. Sorry, they said, but that was the way Wagner wrote the piece; it was just fifty years too late to get him to reshuffle.

ONE evening lately, being committed to attendance at a rout, we took our chin along to a fashionable barber. Ours, he confessed, was but the second beard he 'd had in that day; plenty hair-cuts, shampoos, frictions, and what-have-you, but only two beards. Most men, he said, now shave themselves. Before the war, it was no uncommon thing for a hairdresser to have given twenty shaves by lunch-time, whereas nowadays six in a day was big work. Change is due to invention and exploitation of the safety razor. Decline of shaving, he informed us with confidential gloom, would not stop there; he foresaw a big future for the miniature, electrical mowing-machines now popular in America. One result of progress was that few young barbers now know how to handle a razor; still less how to strop.

IT is quite useless, we know, to attempt to interest British film producers in stories about Britain. They prefer Ruritania. Not so easy to make mistakes about the fish-forks. It was our fate, a week or so back, to spend an evening in Glasgow, at a theatre in the Cowcaddens district. Top-price seat was one-and-threepence. Cowcaddens has fallen on evil days, with most of its population unemployed. The piece of the evening was a "summer pantomime," *The Babes in the Wood*, in modern dress. The funny man, who looked like a Parisian comedian and, for all we understood of him, might have been talking French, won a big laugh each time he referred to razors. Cowcaddens, streets of solid houses fallen to shabbiness, is the territory of the Glasgow gangsters. Gang warfare there can be as bitter as you like it, razors with the blades bent back over the knuckles being Glasgow's substitute for Chicago's "pineapples" and "Thompson subs." The film king who can persuade Eric Linklater, Robbins Millar, or another of the tougher Scots novelists, to write him a gangster story set in Cowcaddens will have what film kings, in their sly way, refer to as a "property."

"Maud! Cut the somersaults out—there 's a spider on my parasol!

POPULAR PLAYGROUNDS

No. 2.—Margate

I AIN'T a fussy sort of bloke what likes things extra posh,
Excursion trains don't worry me, I rather likes a squash,
Espesh'ly if I 'm setting out to 'ave a jolly spree
In bright and breezy, free-and-easy Margate-by-the-Sea.

Hi-tiddly-i-ti, good ole Margate sands,
A day by the shiny briny
Is better nor monkey glands,
So bring the missus and bring the kid
And do the same as your farver did,
Exchange your 'at for the ole girl's lid
On good ole Margate sands.

You won't find nothing ladihdah about me pals nor me,
We wants a lot of fun and such when we goes on the spree,
And dear ole Margate suits us fine when we've a spot
of "dough,"
It 's never dreary, always cheery, full of pep and go.

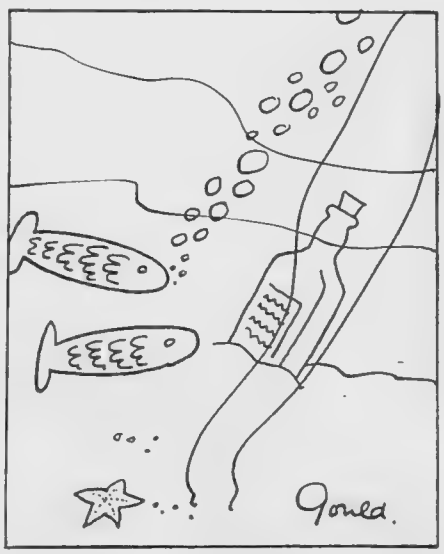
Hi-tiddly-i-ti, good ole Margate town,
You 're always very merry
As you wanders up and down.
There 's Pierrots and Niggers and sights to view,
The sands are gold and the sky is blue,
And a fine blow-out is quite cheap, too,
In good ole Margate town.

When you 've been workin' all the year amid the grime and smoke,
A day of carefree gaiety is tonic to a bloke;
And down at Margate you can find real 'appiness, for there
You CAN'T be 'umpy, blue or jumpy—there 's no room for care.

Hi-tiddly-i-ti, good ole Margate pier,
You can spend many a penny
On all the attracshuns 'ere.
There 's lots of amusement for you and me,
There 's things to drink and there 's sights to see—
And, lumme, we don't 'arf love a spree
On good ole Margate pier!

B. W.

NEXT week, this department will be largely devoted to "Thoughts on Re-visiting Juan-les-Pins Having only just arrived, we have nothing to report—except that, on the spot where, fourteen years ago, we ran lightly through pine-woods to bathe, an actress, grubbing with a rosy foot in the strand, yesterday exhumed a wedding-ring she swears she mislaid there in 1928!



Our Nature Study Department

"It says 'To be taken three times a day in water'"

MUSIC and all That . . .

The Future of Opera—The Haslemere Festival—Ballets Jooss

By "Melos"

A Conductor at the Piano

Mr. Albert Coates, the famous conductor, who, in his youth, studied science in Liverpool under Sir Oliver Lodge, but abandoned science for music when he entered the Leipzig Conservatoire. In addition to his work as a conductor, in both the old and new hemispheres, he has composed an opera entitled, "Samuel Pepys." An Englishman, he was born in Petrograd

Elwin Neame

Miss Phyllis Evans, who appeared in the just-concluded production of "Hiawatha," at the Royal Albert Hall. She is the granddaughter of Admiral Thomas Evans, and was trained at the Royal College of Music

THERE will be an Opera season—and a "grand" season at that—next year, in addition to the useful functioning of those Honest Dobbins of the operatic world who keep things going at the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells. Sir Thomas Beecham has announced the fact from the stage of Covent Garden, though he did not disclose whether the season would take place in that ancient and august theatre.

Without wishing to emulate either the racing tipsters or the journalistic astrologers—I have neither the courage nor hardness of skin which enables one to forget cheerfully being made to look a fool—I am of opinion that it *will* take place there. Moreover, half of it will be German opera and the other half French and Italian. Which will yet again enable the violent anti-German partisans to extol Verdi, Berlioz, etc., and to be very rude about Wagner at the same time.

One of these gentlemen the other day wrote, in effect, that only with the passing of the German portion of these seasons does "real music" begin to be heard.

NOW, if that remark was meant seriously, it reveals a state of mind so narrow, so prejudiced, and so limited in musical sensibility that there is, surely, no room for the critical faculty. If it is meant as a taunt, it is merely offensive.

The writer, and the sect to which he belongs, prefer Verdi to Wagner and would, or say they would, sooner listen to *Don Carlos* than to *Die Meistersinger* or *Der Rosenkavalier*.

So be it. I do not agree with them, but I respect their preference, even if I do not understand it.

But to allow no merit whatsoever in either of those operas or in any operas written by Wagner, Strauss, Humperdinck, or any other composer of that nationality, and to deny that there is any "real music" in them at all, is childish.

THE prospect of pulling down Covent Garden has drawn forth howls of joy and moans of indignant regret in about equal numbers.

Lady Oxford and Asquith is prominent among those who would like to see the old building saved and who have written eloquently to say so; among those for whom its demolition cannot come fast enough is Mr. Ernest Newman.

Mr. Newman heads his Hymn of Hate "Ecrasons l'Infâme"! Rather strong, I think. That is a matter of taste. I have heard bad performances, as well as good, at Covent Garden, but I fail to see anything "infamous" in a record that includes (not to dig too far back) the conducting of Wagner by Richter, Nikisch, Bruno Walter, and Beecham; the singing of Caruso, Melba, Scotti, the De Reszkes, Plançon, Van Rooy, Bouci, Frida Leider, Lotte Lehmann, Andrasen, Boeckelmann, Paul Franz, Elizabeth Schumann, and Olcewska; and the fine productions of such operas as *Der Rosenkavalier, Pelleas and Melisande, Louise,* and the Puccini group.

I TRUST the Haslemere Festival, in which the Dolmetsch family annually go gay, will be held as usual. Very ancient music, played on very ancient instruments (or modern replicas thereof), is the invariable menu, and the accompanying atmosphere is "arty and crafty" in the extreme.

I admire sincere enthusiasts, even when their enthusiasm seems to carry with it the conviction that no music worth playing was written after the seventeenth century. Besides, the Dolmetsches are an institution, and people come even from America to hear them.

But they have their critics. I remember a not-violently-musical friend muttering, after about forty minutes of an early Italian sonata for the harpsichord, that it was "all rather like playing on the canary's cage with a toasting-fork."

THE Ballets Jooss, now at the Savoy for a short season, are making the connoisseurs talk. They deserve, in my opinion, all the praise and success they can get.

FIRST of all, let us see what these dancers are *not*. They are not pretentious. They are not backed by scenery (indeed, they have no scenery at all) which looks as if it had been designed by an earwig which had crawled out of an inkpot. They are not explained by booklets and annotated programmes written by hysterical nincompoops, half in French and half in English, and intelligible to no sane person on either side of the Channel.

They are not accompanied by music whose poverty of invention is obscured by loud and unpleasant "modern" orchestration; two pianos are all they need.

Moreover, they do not appear to attract to the stalls sibilant semi-males who proclaim them "too adorable" in a gushing soprano.

BUT negative virtues do not carry one very far. What is more to the point is that these people really do dance, and that they are inspired and directed by a man who is manifestly a genius—Herr Kurt Jooss.

The ballet *La Table Verte* is a superb thing, and yet simplicity itself. The "green table" has nothing to do with gambling, unless it be gambling in human lives. Round it are the black-coated figures of European notabilities (in each case fictitious) in conference, and when the table is whisked away we see the grim havoc of War and Death. I would not have thought it possible that irony could have been conveyed so fully and so vividly just by miming.

THE more cheerful part of the programme consists of scenes in the life of a great city—a slum, a dance-club, a street-walker, children playing. To music that almost persuades me to be a jazz-lover the panorama is unfolded with immense skill, but quite simply, with no forcing the effect. And the "Waltzes in Old Vienna" episode has all the charm of the famous *Carneval* ballet, without its precociousness.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" By Madge Garland

A GOFFERED frill trims this white organdie dress and short jacket and also forms the brim of the shallow hat. Ensemble from Chanel

Some News about Bags and Shoes

UPPER Left : from Hanan's, a brown kid bag with silver frame, 21/- ; tan shoes to match with ankle tie-ups. Top centre : ribbed silk bag with silver handle and initials, Bembaron design, from Asprey. Below : bag of string from Harvey Nichols, price 21/-. Top right : wooden mules from Fortnum and Mason, enamelled white, with coloured braid straps. Beneath : novel beach bag from Harvey Nichols, of natural linen with woollen pom-pom and braid. Lower left : evening bag designed by Bembaron, in satin, fastened with two tiny silver stars, from Asprey. Lower right : afternoon bag in grosgrain from Fortnum and Mason. Black satin and gold mules, with ankle straps, from Hanans

Spotted or checked muslin and organdie for evening wear

Peter Rose Pulham

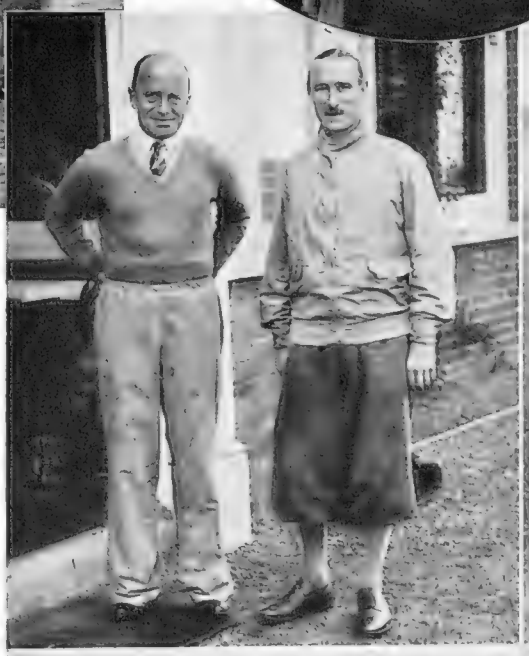
F. J. Gutman

BLUE and white check organdie of the uncrushable variety makes the little coat with the puff sleeves which accompanies the white linen evening gown shown above. The latter is backless and has godet pleats let into the skirt. This ensemble comes from H. J. Nicoll. Posed by Miss Jean Ross. Photograph taken, by kind permission, at the premises of Messrs. Acton Surgey, Ltd. On the left is a black muslin dress dotted all over with pink embroidered spots, the sleeves of the coat are composed of three frills. A Chanel model from Rahvis. Posed by Miss Whiteman

Major N. H. Callander and T. A. Torrance going to the eighteenth green. The latter tied with J. B. Nash (Canada), who is playing in the Championship, with a score of 147

Left: R. M. Bourne and Captain G. A. Lousada are seen checking up the scores

Below: Lt.-Commander H. McMaster and W. L. Hartley. The latter went round in 152, five strokes behind



Right: A. Raworth and D. B. Anderson, who was third with 147, two more competitors for the Prince of Wales's Cup

The Prince of Wales's Cup

Playing Cards at Deal

Above: Robert Sweeney Jnr., who totalled 154, talking to A. J. Peech, not in the first ten

Left: J. B. Nash, of Canada, a visitor to England, who tied with T. A. Torrance with a score of 147, going to the seventeenth

H. S. Mitchell, Army Champion, and D. Newton King at the eighteenth green. Forty amateurs took part in the 36-hole competition on the links of the Royal Cinque Ports Club at Deal. It is hoped to make this competition an annual one

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Characters in Four Countries: By A. G. Macdonell

MR. JIGGINS was a rich old man who lived in a large house in the Midlands of Ireland, and his relations hovered round, waiting for him to die. But when he did die, quickly and unostentatiously, he mentioned none of them in his will. Even the local parson got nothing for his poor-box, and Mr. Jiggins was left in his grave to enjoy that cruellest and most selfish of jokes, the joke of the rich man who preys on his poor relations and bilks them in the end. The only comfort for the sensitive reader is that all the legacy-hunters in *Mr. Jiggins of Jigginstown* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*) were so uniformly beastly. Lady Longford has dipped her witty pen in venom, and produced some very nasty parties, who bicker and whine, and smack each other's faces at the dinner-table, and lie, and cringe, and sponge. It is all very cleverly done, but it is not very pleasant. There are, however, two redeeming features in Lady Longford's book. One is the description of the Irish country house, which is almost worthy to go alongside the Aussolas of the immortal old Mrs. Knox, with her diamonds and her ancient bedroom-slippers. And the other is the character of old Mr. Jiggins, which is a really brilliant bit of work. Mr. Jiggins loved everything that had a spark of humanity and hated anything that had a shadow of hypocrisy.

"I am making a collection for the benefit of our missionary in Darkest Africa," said the parson.

"Darkest Africa?" repeated Mr. Jiggins, with passion. "Have you ever considered Darkest Europe? What of Darkest Ireland? What right have you to speak of Darkest Africa?" That is Mr. Jiggins's philosophy—to pour out his money on the poor folk at his park-gates, and to kick back to their Kensington flat the detestable spongers.

Lady Longford's writing is, as usual, full of concise, nervous, energy. There is no padding and no dullness. But, in Heaven's name, why such awful people? Why such fearfully awful people?

Noel Streatfeild — *Janet Jevons*

Noel Streatfeild's new novel, "Tops and Bottoms," is published this week by Heinemann. Her first book, "The Whicharts," a contraction of "Which Art in Heaven," was published some little time ago

MR. DENNIS WHEATLEY is obviously working in the wrong branch of the literary trade, for he seems to have all the equipment of a scenario-writer. His new novel, *Such Power is Dangerous* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), will reach some thousands of readers; it ought to be reaching millions of filmgoers. Mr. Wheatley's plot may be improbable. That is a minor point. The important thing is the enormous gusto and energy with which he whirls it along, and keeps on whirling it along. After a slow start, the excitement is maintained and increased all the time, and it is greatly to Mr. Wheatley's credit that he gives the reader full measure for his three half-crowns. So many writers of thrillers turn out their 65,000 words and then abruptly put up the shutters and go home. *Such Power is Dangerous* is a full 100,000 words, with a complete quota of murders, escapes, plots and counterplots, villains, heroes, and charming heroine. It is the story of a "Hollywood" plot to corner the world's manufacture of what are nowadays called Motion-Pictures, and thus capture a greater amount of power than any emperor or financier ever wielded before. Low Gavin Fortescue and a nasty bit of work called Hinckman are the two naughty boys of the piece, and they almost succeed in their villainies. But Right triumphs in the end, and Mr. Hinckman comes to a sticky finish in a bog near Guildford, Eng., and Low Gavin surrenders. This book is quite as exciting as Mr. Wheatley's last, and both should be filmed as soon as possible.

"HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE" (Jonathan Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a remarkable and curious book. It is remarkable because, apparently, it is a first novel, and yet it is written with all the deftness and all the technique of an old hand. It is curious because, in spite of all its deftness and technique, it is extraordinarily uneven in quality. The opening chapters are positively brilliant. They describe a phase of the war which many millions of women and children went through, and which the fighting men have consistently ignored—those dreary, miserable years of loneliness and harassment and over-work and underfeeding between, say, the Somme, in 1916 and the temporary trade-boom in 1920. Those of us who came home on leave during those years, roaring for champagne and oysters, and cursing the Bolshies for cutting off the supplies of caviare, knew nothing whatever about bread-queues and coupons, and the shortage of sugar, and the almost complete absence of petrol, and the daily and nightly vigil for the telegraph-boy with his tidings of death. We felt ourselves to be the only people who knew what war was like. But we were not. There was another terrible side to it that we had no notion of, and it is of this that Miss Cambridge writes. Her theme is the short and simple annals of the new poor, coming to a climax in the influenza epidemic of the winter of 1918, which completed the ruin that underfeeding had begun. But after this magnificent opening, the book tails off into insignificance. There are no incidents to relieve the masses of irrelevance and pettiness, and not even Miss Cambridge's exquisite powers of description and flashes of wisdom can carry off those children and their prattle. The last part of *Hostages to Fortune* is pure and simple Delafield, minus the Delafield. Nevertheless, Miss Cambridge is a notable writer of the English language.

MR. ARCHIBALD LYALL went last year to Russia on one of Intourist's organised trips, and the result of it is *Russian Roundabout* (Harmsworth; 6*s.*). Once the reader has got over the shock of the new style of printing with which Mr. Harmsworth's printers have furnished Mr. Harmsworth, he is free to examine one of the most interesting books about that vast enigma, the U.S.S.R., that has appeared for ages. It is a simple record of things seen and heard in Moscow, on the Volga, and in the Ukraine. Mr. Lyall is obviously anti-Soviet in sympathy, but he impartially gives the views of men and women whom he met who were fanatically pro-Soviet, as well as the views of those who regarded the whole vast experiment as the work of fiends. Mr. Lyall gives a very vivid picture of the heart-breaking fecklessness and stupidity and carelessness of the Russian character, and he is very amusing on the subject of the official Guides, who seem to have combined all those characteristics with a profound ignorance of everything connected with guiding. According to Mr. Lyall, conditions in Russia to-day must be appalling, and it seems that the best that can be said for the Soviet régime is that it has freed the peasant and the worker from slavery to sex, by easy marriage and easy divorce, and from slavery to religion, by abolishing the Deity.

Eustace Simon seen arriving at London Bridge Station well on time to catch the 7.25 a.m. for Sandwich—his best score!

Left: there was no change in the dress of the French Champion (Brig.-General A. C. Critchley), but he promises to go native when he wins the Swiss Championship

Left: "Tishy" Anderson, of Hindhead, walking up any fairway at any old time

The Canadians, Sandy Somerville and J. B. Nash, were simply blown off the course

Right: J. Beaumont Pease seen showing a nice drop of leg in the wind

A dramatic moment during the tournament, showing Major Sir Guy Campbell, wearing the world's worst cap outside knur and spell, complaining to Major Ward, Secretary to Royal St. George's, how his caddie fouled his putt

Dragons Fight for the St.

Dale Bourn and Caddie have a little bother with their all-Nervo-and-Knox clubs

J. A. Board, helped by Leslie Rankin, is here hunting in the "Jungle" by the "Suez Canal"

Left: lunch scores. Captain Stevens, playing with Major Thorburn, of Sunningdale, finds it impossible to swing after luncheon

On our right, Dr. W. R. Harrison, first-elected member and first Hon. Sec. of St. George's, watching Douglas Grant chasing a swallow from a putting green

Major A. G. Barry taking a little air with a little hair

H. G. Bentley, the late holder

Our Mr. F. G. Fairlie brings in the modest winner, "Buff" Beck

George's Cup at Sandwich

Sketches by H. H. Harris

Air drill by No. 25 Squadron, flying Hawker "Furies," will be one of the most thrilling features of the R.A.F. display at Hendon. Machines are tied together and Flights of three perform loops and rolls at speeds up to 200 miles an hour without breaking the ropes

Hendon—The Flying Event of the Year

By Capt. C. E. Ward

The Royal Air Force at Home

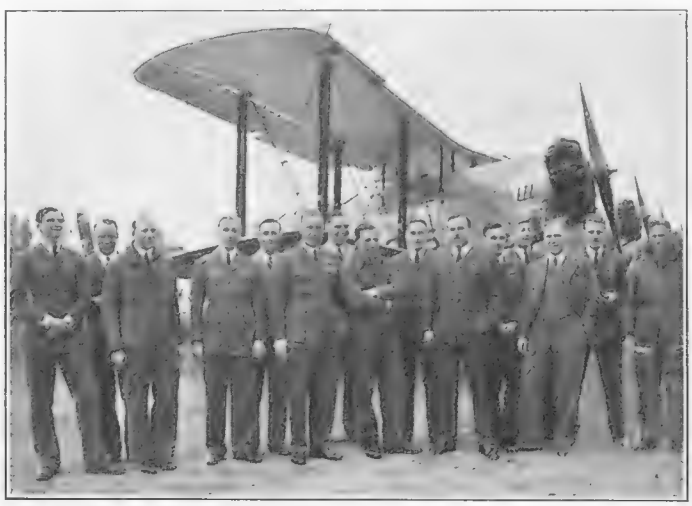
On Saturday next, at Hendon, the Royal Air Force presents its annual Display, which has become a date in the social calendar, taking precedence over all other events which may be held on that day. The Prince of Wales, who is an Air-Marshal in the R.A.F., and also Honorary Air-Commodore-in-Chief of the Auxiliaries, will be received by the Secretary of State, Lord Londonderry, and, owing to the incidence of the Economic Conference, an unusually large number of distinguished foreigners from every country in the world will also be present. The form taken by the Display varies little from year to year, but the substitution of faster machines makes familiar events more thrilling, and, for the expert, there is the pleasure of watching air-drill executed more perfectly than ever before, and the speculation as to the real performance of new and experimental types which are not always allowed to show their true paces. The latter include the wingless Autogiro, the 250-mile-an-hour "Fury," and a dozen others which will be introduced by our old friends from the Amusement Park — the Gugnunc and the Pterodactyl.

The Largest Machine in England

An item of special interest in the programme will be the formation of flying-boats, a type of aircraft not often seen over London. The 6000 h.p. military boat built by Short Bros., of Rochester, will lead this formation, and, in order that the public may appreciate its huge size, the Flight will be accompanied by a Moth. Air-drill by No. 25 Fighter Squadron flying Hawker "Furies" should be the most exciting event, for each Flight will loop and roll, whilst tied together by cables. Humorous events include grass-cutting on an Avro and balloon-hunting by Flight-Lieut. Stainforth on the Pterodactyl. Given a light wind, six parachutists, led by Flight-Lieut. C. W. L. Trusk, will drop together, but if the wind be strong, dummies will be substituted. The main programme commences at 3 o'clock, but flying is continuous from 12.30. A broadcast commentary, supplementing and enlarging on details in the printed programme, will be given as usual by Squadron-Leader Helmore.

Winged Wisdom at Heston

By the time these notes appear, the Airwork School at Heston will have taken delivery of three Avro "Cadets," which are the very last word in training machines. Thus Heston will qualify with A.S.T. at Hamble as one of the two Schools in the country with the most modern flying equipment. "Winged Wisdom" is the title of an attractive folder setting out the advantages of learning on the "Cadet," a machine which is the outcome of Avro's experience in building types for instruction for the past twenty years. The "Cadet," with brakes, an electric self-starter, hydraulic undercarriage, and adjustable seats, is more expensive than other training types, but the additional first cost is offset by the greater ease with which a pupil is taught, the increased range of instruction possible in a shorter time, and, for the operator, the lower maintenance charges which are anticipated. Incidentally, the Airwork School does not propose to increase its fees for the "Cadet," these remaining at four guineas an hour with a free course on navigation included. The average pupil at Heston requires about six hours' dual instruction, and, after obtaining an "A" Licence, can become a flying member of the Airport Club for an extra subscription of four guineas, which membership carries with it the privilege of hiring machines for solo flying at two guineas an hour.



Officers of 605 County of Warwick Squadron, which is the only Auxiliary unit taking part in this year's Display. Flight-Lieut. J. P. Huins, Flight-Lieut. S. D. MacDonald, D.F.C., who is the Adjutant, and Flight-Lieut. J. S. Jerome, M.C., are fifth, eighth and thirteenth respectively, reading from the left

Two Well-Organised Events

It is a pleasure to record brief details of two most enjoyable events: the race for the *Morning Post* Cup, and the Household Brigade Meeting, both held at Heston. The handicappers for the race, Captain Dancy and Mr. F. Rowarth, excelled themselves in providing one of the most exciting finishes seen for a long time. Mr. F. R. Walker, flying a Puss Moth, passed Mr. C. E. Gardner on a "Cadet" after the two machines approached the aerodrome boundary, and his advantage was no more than a few lengths. The winner, and Mr. A. C. M. Jackaman, on a Gipsy Moth, maintained the most consistent speeds, neither varying more than three miles an hour for the three laps, which totalled 466 miles altogether. Mr. Gardner's average of 118 miles an hour on the third lap, compared with 102¼ on the first, indicates that he might have won by steering a closer course at the beginning. The Household Brigade Meeting was notable for marvellous weather, the display of summer fashions in the Members' Enclosure and a commendably snappy flying programme, timed to the minute, organised by Mr. R. L. Preston, who is Hon. Secretary of the Club. A private event of some interest took place at Hanworth recently, when guests of the Master of Sempill, including the daughters of the Lord Mayor, the Hon. Joyce Montague, and Sir Pyers Mostyn, went for night flights over London. Colonel Sempill flew his own Puss Moth, Mr. Jackaman his Monospar; whilst a number of pupils on an Autogiro and a Moth had night-landing instruction with the aid of the Chance Floodlight.

Liverpool's Airport at Speke will be opened officially on July 1st, with a good flying programme. A large attendance of private owners is expected, because the only competing event on that day is some distance away—the National Air Races of America, at Los Angeles. Last-minute entrants for the King's Cup include Prince George and Viscount Furness.

"I feel like a Guinness."
"I wish you were."

G.E.312.

Specially drawn by Fougasse for Guinness

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

TOUCHY people, these Australian cricketers. They send violent cables to M.C.C. about Larwood's bowling tactics, and make even more violent comments in their newspapers, and then bristle with resentment when they receive an admirably logical and considered reply.

It seems to me that the cable despatched by the M.C.C. to Australia last week was excellent in every way. It entirely demolished the case against leg-theory bowling; it protested effectively against the misleading use of the phrase "body-line"; it exposed the futility of the new law recommended by the Australian Board of Control; it was conciliatory to the extent of promising to watch carefully for anything which might be regarded as unfair or prejudicial to the best interests of the game; finally, and most important, it took a firm stand against the root evil of barracking.

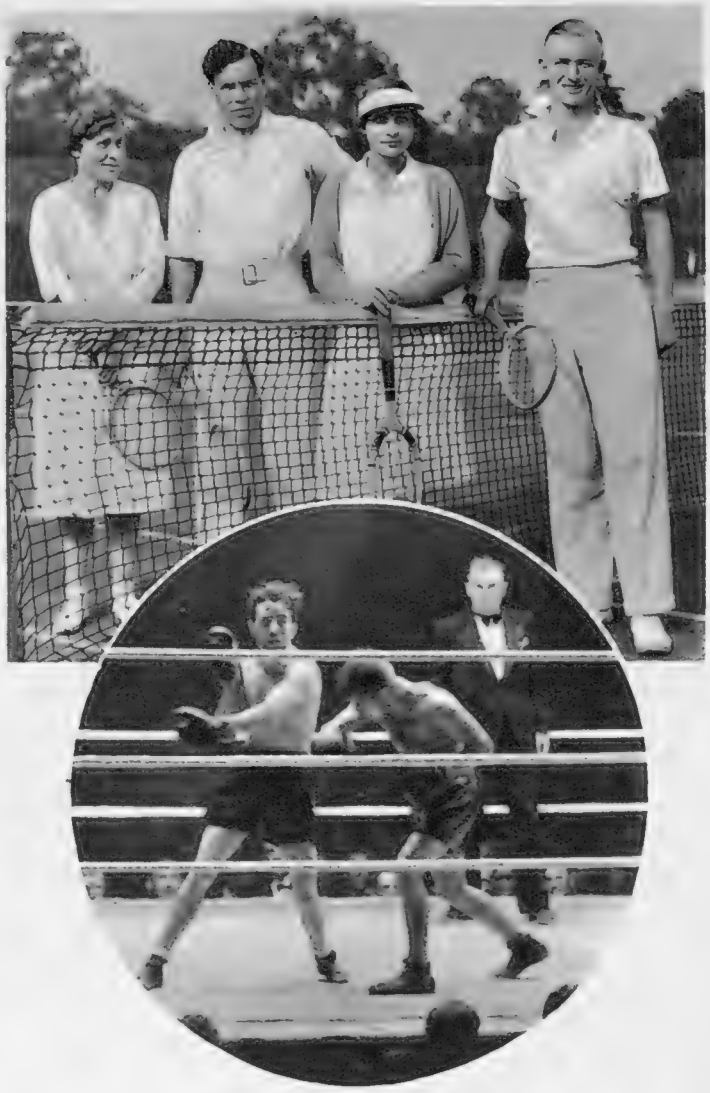
What the Australians have to complain about I can't imagine: they must surely have known what the M.C.C. attitude would be. Perhaps it was because they did know that they were so unduly sensitive; but this is no time for standing upon dignity. The whole affair seems to be drifting towards a crisis from which neither side can back out, and the Australians will certainly have to swallow their pride if they are to admit that their cables of protest were entirely unwarranted.

I often wonder whether, in negotiations of this kind, it would not be wiser to dispense entirely with formal phraseology, and make an altogether more natural approach to the point at issue. Suppose, for instance, the M.C.C. had cabled in this sort of way: "Look here, we know you're feeling pretty sore about this leg-theory business, but we've taken all the evidence we can, and honestly, we can't see eye to eye with you. Still, we obviously can't settle it by cable: wouldn't it be better to meet some time and talk it over and see how we stand? In the meanwhile, let's try to calm down a bit, both of us, and think of cricket as a game, for a change. And there's one other thing—your barrackers seem to be getting a bit out of hand; can't you suggest some way of keeping them decently quiet? Otherwise, we don't see how we can reasonably ask our players to go to Australia again. Anyway, think it over, and in the meanwhile we'll go on looking out for anything in fast leg-theory which might harm the game. Best wishes."

I don't suggest that this would be the ideal cable, but it is on the right lines, though I suppose we can never hope for the human touch where committees are concerned. A pity, for the troubles caused by the self-consciousness and pomposity of committees are legion.

Now to more cheerful matters, and in particular the first show put up by the reconstituted National Sporting Club, at Olympia last week. A fine show it was; there was too much of it, perhaps, but the fight between Jackie Brown and Angelmann for the fly-weight championship of the world was a fizzer. I don't remember a better fight for years, and the astonishing speed of Brown, who proved himself a worthy world's champion, and the courage and persistent aggression of his tough little French opponent brought the house down. A great house it was, too, for Olympia was packed to the roof, and it was unfortunate that some of our champions failed to live up to their reputations. Jock McAvoy, for example, who holds the British middle-weight title, put up a very raw, clumsy show, and Johnny King was little better. McAvoy will have to accept Archie Sexton's challenge, and I'm certain a match between these two would prove very attractive to Londoners, many of whom, myself among them, would back Sexton every time.

I had a talk with Lionel Bettinson, whose hopes for the future of the National Sporting Club are high. I hope he had justification for his optimism, and I think he had: we could very well do with a representative English club to give the lead in promotion over here. Too long have we been at the mercy of speculative promoters, and the N.S.C. is therefore assured of warm support.



England v. France at Olympia

Jackie Brown missing Valentin Angelmann, in his fight with the French boxer, when he retained his title, on points, after one of the best bouts seen for a long while

Left: Miss Ryan, Dr. Gregory, Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, and R. K. Tinkler at the St. George's Club, Weybridge, where they took part in an Exhibition match as a prelude to Wimbledon

THIS brings me to the fact that no less than three groups of people are working separately on schemes for opening mammoth sporting centres in London on the lines of Madison Square Gardens in New York. Jeff Dickson, the American who runs boxing shows in London and Paris, has jumped in first with his publicity, but the other interests are equally alive. There may be room for one such centre, though I doubt whether there is sufficient demand for more.

WHEN this appears the Amateur Golf Championship will be in full swing, and I hope Cyril Tolley will still be taking his majestic way round the course. It is good to have Tolley competing again, for he does enliven the proceedings with his personality. It may be that I am biased about him, for I happened to be up at Oxford when he won the Amateur Championship, and I remember gazing at him with awe. In those days his achievement seemed prodigious indeed, but it is odd how proportions alter with the years. Certainly it was a fine performance for an undergraduate, but I don't know that I should rate the amateur golf champion particularly high among athletes nowadays. Golf is not a game for youth, and I hate to hear that it is becoming increasingly popular at our Universities.

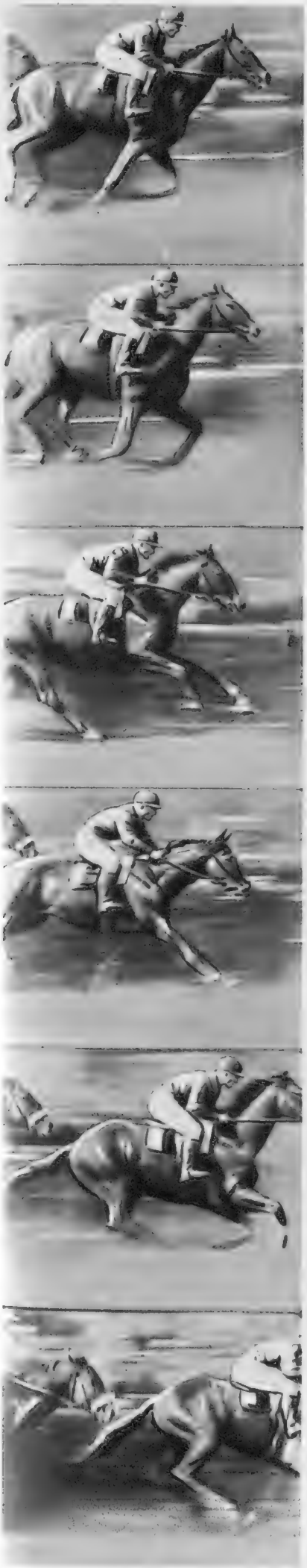
INCIDENTALLY, the news of a petty squabble between Hagen and Sarazen over the captaincy of the American Walker Cup team makes pretty sickening reading. If they go on behaving like a couple of spiteful old women, the Americans are in for a somewhat unhappy trip. The best thing for the American authorities to do would be to drop Sarazen if he is dissatisfied, for a dissatisfied member, however brilliant a player he may be, is more trouble than he is worth.

ONE last word, upon a complicated subject—the final report of the Royal Commission on Lotteries and Betting. I like the Commissioners' attitude when they say that there should not be any more prohibition than is absolutely necessary, since every new prohibition creates a new class of potential offender.

This is the right approach, and it is disturbing to discover that, in an annual betting turnover of £230,000,000—a staggering sum—there is an alarming increase in the numbers of bets placed by the poorest members of the community.

I happen to have seen something of the evils caused by betting in slum areas, and I can therefore sympathise with the Commissioners' endeavour to regulate this betting for the benefit of the community.

Unfortunately, the Report is not altogether convincing, and it is impossible to agree that the Commissioners have straightened out the archaic inconsistencies in the existing laws. Their recommendations, in fact, are themselves full of inconsistencies, and we seem to be no nearer a logical solution of the present muddle.

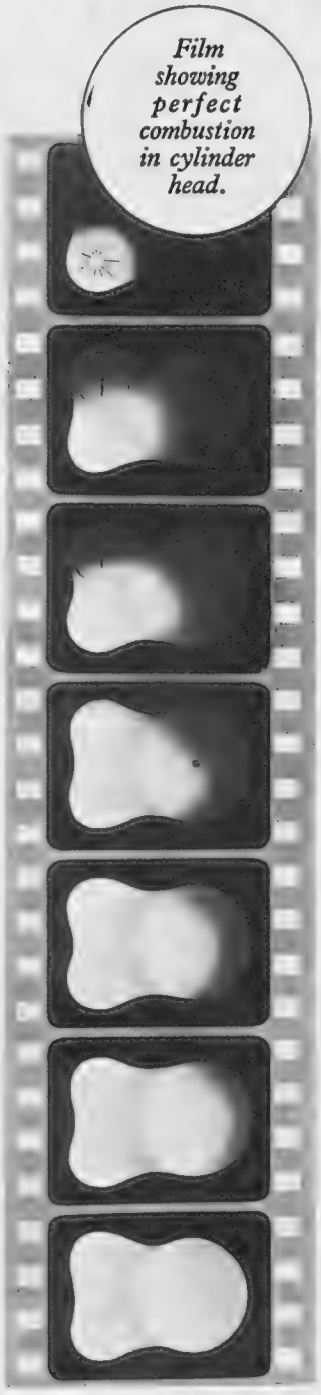


By courtesy of BRITISH MOVIETONE NEWS

MOTORISTS:

here is another parallel:—

RACING *and the* PERFECT PISTON STROKE



THE PERFECT STROKE
by Ethyl

1. The sparking plug fires.
2. The petrol vapour starts to ignite.
3-6. The flame spreads with gathering force, until . . . .
7. the greatest force is developed just at the vital moment when the piston is going down — the time when power counts most in the performance of your car.

Pratts Ethyl is to your engine what a Gordon Richards is to his mount. To be a yard in front just before the Post, or just after, counts for little: his horse must have his head in front *just at the instant* he passes the Post.

It is for this one instant that the good jockey controls his mount, "balances" him, times his effort—the last ounce of power delivered at the right moment. And this is what Pratts Ethyl does to your car.

Where ordinary petrol burns unevenly, or wastes its power in premature explosion — knocking — Ethyl *controls* combustion so that the full power is delivered at the one instant when it does most good — just as the piston is going down.

Fill up with Pratts Ethyl. It costs no more than ordinary petrols, yet you get more miles per hour and more miles per gallon.

Write to Advertising Dept., Anglo-American Oil Co. Ltd., 36, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.1, for free copy of instructive booklet, reprinted from the "Autocar" — "PETROL AS IT APPLIES TO YOUR CAR."

Pratts WITH ETHYL

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

— the best SELECTION

McC 554

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

The St. George's and Prince of Wales's Cups

THE Royal St. George's Champion Grand Challenge Cup has just been played for at Sandwich. This terrific nomenclature is fully justified by the nature of the event. In the first place, the Cup itself is the most valuable which is competed for in amateur golf; in the second, the winner is rightfully considered to be the score play amateur champion for the year. It is undoubtedly, next to the Amateur Championship itself, the best thing which an amateur can win of all the other amateur events which are regularly competed for, and the list of past winners includes most of the great names of golf.

This year, John Beck, who had entered from Sundridge Park, won the Cup with an aggregate of 151 for the thirty-six holes. I know that I am merely voicing the opinion of all those who played when I say that no other victory could have been so popular. John Beck has long been in the very front rank of amateur golfers, and in his past achievements are to be found appearances for England against Scotland and for the British Walker Cup side against America. Lately, however, he has not been able to devote so much time to golf because of persistent claims made on his time by business, and he has not figured very prominently for this reason. Last year, in the St. George's Cup, he seemed to have victory well within sight, when there came an unaccountable lapse, and finally he lost first place to H. G. Bentley, but only by one stroke. There were some critics who, after this performance, were inclined to say of his golf that, while they did not doubt his ability as a shot player, it was possible that he had not that gift, so essential to a successful competitive golfer, which may, perhaps, best be described as the quality of fighting out of a tough place against the luck. If any answer is needed to refute these critics, John Beck amply provided it last week-end at Sandwich.

He led the field in the morning with a round of 74, which, in view of the strong north-westerly wind which was blowing all the morning, was good, scoring on such a testing course as St. George's being difficult. In the afternoon the conditions were perhaps a trifle easier, for the wind had veered into the north-east and had lost some of its exuberance; but everyone who plays in these events knows how difficult it is, when in possession of a slender lead, to forget a disaster which may seem at the time to be utterly fatal. Beck found himself in just this position: he was one over fours when about to play the seventh hole—and then came a disaster that, for a golfer less courageous, might have been overwhelming. He slightly pushed his drive and it caught the big bunker on the hill. He got out of this well, but cut his next shot away to the right of the green. His fourth was still just off the green; his fifth about nine feet beyond the hole, and the putt would not drop. Here was a frightful seven which might well have proved fatal to his chances, especially combined with the recollection of his failure of the previous year. Unperturbed, however, he got his three at the eighth, his four at the ninth, and so was out in the still respectable score of 39. He started home perfectly until he reached the "Suez Canal," the hole which had been the chief cause of his disaster twelve months previously: here he hit a fine long drive, but his second was miss-hit and slightly hooked, and found an impossible position right up against the face of the bunker to the left. Here he had to play out away from the hole, and finally a six had to be recorded on his card. He did not hit a very good drive to the next hole and was forced to play for a five, which he duly obtained. He holed a good putt for a three at the next, played the seventeenth perfectly in four, and was left with the knowledge that a five at the last hole would give him the lead over the field. This he did not get easily, owing to an affection for the left-hand side of the course, but finally he holed a brave putt of about six feet, a putt which ultimately proved to be the winning stroke. His success definitely proves what many of his friendly opponents have held for some years—that John Beck is about as good at golf as they make 'em.

On the Links at Deal

Left: C. Ross Somerville, the Holder of the Canadian Amateur Championship; and, right, R. G. Chittenden, both competitors in the Prince of Wales's Challenge Cup, a new event which should become very popular

The Hon. E. S. Montague, and Fergus Morton, K.C., to whom he lost by 4 and 3 in the Bar Golfing Society Tournament

LISTER HARTLEY was second, one stroke behind, and P. W. L. Risdon, who has only recently graduated from the Boys' Championship, tied with Tony Torrance for third place, still another stroke behind. Bentley, the holder, and Rex Hartley were next in the order of merit, closely followed by D. H. R. Martin, Lionel Sanderson, and Giles Gillies, who, having in the afternoon gone out in 42, remarked that only 33 home could do him any good, and promptly achieved this miraculous performance.

ON the following day a new competition was inaugurated on the neighbouring course of the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club at Deal. This is a competition on identical lines to the St. George's Cup, for which the Prince of Wales has presented a Cup. It is hoped to make the event an annual one, and perhaps eventually that it may take its place as one of the most important of all the score-play competitions for amateurs in the year. It certainly has every chance, if it is held on the Sunday following the St. George's Cup, for players will naturally be pleased to compete in the event since they are in the neighbourhood in any case, and also since all the entry money is devoted to deserving charities. There was quite a good entry for this, the first year in which it was played, and although a change in the weather from the previous day displeased the competitors in the morning with its rain, but delighted them in the afternoon with unexpected sunshine, the scores were excellent. Tony Torrance tied with J. B. Nash, of Canada, at 147 for the thirty-six holes. This was good going, and two other competitors, in D. B. Anderson and Rex Hartley, also got round in under 150. Lionel Sanderson took exactly 150, and finished fifth, Beck being one stroke behind him and tieing with Dale Bourn, Bernard Drew, and Gordon Barry.

ONE final point. C. Ross Somerville, the present Canadian holder of the American Championship, and one of the invaders whom we have been led to fear most for the Amateur Championship, was in both fields. In the St. George's Cup he had a bad first round, followed by a comparatively good second one. At Deal again, he had a bad first round, but completed the course in the afternoon in fours. There was an inclination, I think, on the part of those who watched him play, to suppose that he might not go a long way in this year's Championship; but he struck me as being a very good golfer indeed, and I would suggest that his indifferent rounds in totally unfamiliar weather may have done him a power of good in acclimatising him to the conditions which he is likely to meet in this country.

JUNE, 1933

21st to 30th inclusive

21st **Racing.** Newcastle, Newbury and Curragh Meetings.
Lawn Tennis. England v. Germany (Women), Bournemouth.
Golf. British Amateur Championship, Hoylake.
Cycling. 1,000 yards Centre Championship, Darlington B.C.
Cricket. Sussex v. Oxford University, Hove. Surrey v. Cambridge University, Oval.
Shows. Sussex County Agricultural, Chichester. Royal Norfolk Agricultural, King's Lynn. Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, Dundee. Championship Dog Show, Blackpool.
Regattas. International Regatta, Herblay, France. Bourne End Week (June 19th to 24th.)

22nd **Racing.** Newcastle, Newbury and Curragh Meetings.
Golf. British Amateur Championship, Hoylake.

23rd **Racing.** Sandown Park and Doncaster Meetings.
Regattas. Royal Largs Y.C. Regatta.
Golf. Open Amateur Tournament, Morecambe and Heysham.
Motoring. Riley M.C. 24-hour Trial.
Greyhound Racing. National Cup Final, Bradford, Dudley Hill.
Shows. Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, Dundee.

24th **Racing.** Sandown Park and Doncaster Meetings.
Motoring. Riley M.C. 24-hour Trial. M.G. Car Club Night Trial. J.C.C. High Speed Trial, Brooklands. Kent and Sussex L.C.C. Lewes Speed Trials.
Cricket. Test Match, England v. West Indies, Lord's.
Shows. R.A.F. Display, Hendon.
Greyhound Racing. The Derby Final, White City.
Polo. Champion Cup Final, Hurlingham. Novices Cup and Verdun Cup Finals, Ranelagh.
Athletics. District Champs
Cycling. Derby Centre N.C.U. 25 miles National Championship.

26th **Racing.** Wolverhampton.
Lawn Tennis. All-England Championships begin, Wimbledon.
Polo. Inter-Regtl. Tournament, Hurlingham. Shaw Cup, Roehampton.
Golf. The Ryder Cup, Southport.

27th **Racing.** Newmarket and Carlisle Meetings.
Golf. The Ryder Cup, Southport.
Shows. Peterborough Agricultural, Peterborough.

28th **Racing.** Newmarket and Carlisle Meetings.
Shows. Horse and Hound Show, Aldershot. Peterborough Foxhound and Agricultural, Peterborough.

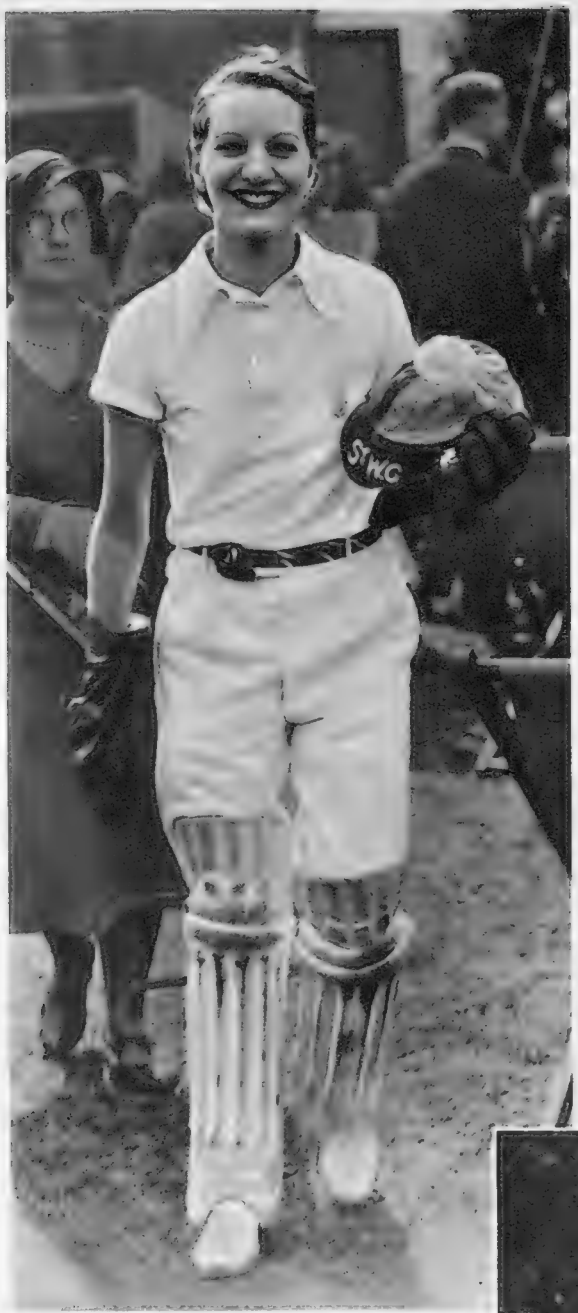
29th **Racing.** Newmarket and Carlisle Meetings.
Shows. Horse and Hound Show, Aldershot. Peterborough Harrier, Beagle and Agricultural. National Sweet Pea Society, Royal Horticultural Hall.

30th **Racing.** Newmarket.
Shows. Horse and Hound Aldershot.
Golf. Open Tournament, Felixstowe.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Howard Marshall on Cricket

A Plea for Aggression



No ! Not for Her County !

A reminiscence of the Theatrical Garden Party. Gertrude Lawrence, in cricket toggery, goes out to keep up her end in "Body-Line Love," one of the features of the Grand Giggle side-show

IT really is hard for the toiling scribe to keep pace with the summer. Here we are, well into June, with a Test match beginning at Lord's next Saturday, and I am afraid the Selectors will not wait to read these notes before they announce the England team. It doesn't seem much use speculating, therefore, and what I 'm worrying about at the moment is the weather.

Temporarily, at least, the sun has gone back on us, and cricket is subdued by threatening skies and chilly winds. Not entirely subdued, perhaps—there are batsmen, and Ames just now is one of them, who accept our climate with proper equanimity. And we 've no cause to grumble yet—apart from the mysterious affair of the pitch upon which Lancashire were so devastatingly humbled by Yorkshire, there have been no grim tales of difficult wickets to record. I 'm not sure, as a matter of fact, that a little rain to mix things up a bit wouldn't be a good thing ; it is pleasant enough, in many ways, to have a batsman's summer, but we lose thereby the variety which gives cricket in England its colour and richness.

Shirt-front wickets one day and sticky dogs the next—this is what we have come to expect, and it may explain, perhaps, why Larwood is our only outstanding fast bowler. The genuine fast bowler, nowadays, is a rarity, more 's the pity : we need, I think, more scorpions in our attack.

The West Indians, on the other hand, will be praying for a roasting sun next Saturday, and they will need a wicket with some fire in it if they are to uproot the English batsmen. It is fairly safe to assume that Sutcliffe, Hammond, Leyland, Jardine, and Ames will be playing for England, and the chances are that the team will be completed by Robins, Verity, Clark, Voce, Wyatt or Paynter, and possibly C. F. Walters as Sutcliffe's partner. It is unfortunate that we have to take the field without Larwood, but even so, England are sufficiently formidable.

NOW, what shall we be hoping to see when we make our way to Lord's ? Some good cricket, naturally, and a stiff fight, but there are one or two particular points which we shall watch. Assuming that Walters is given his chance, though Selectors have their vagaries, it would be grand to find a comparatively young opening batsman who was not afraid to put his foot to the pitch of the ball and drive. Let us assume, moreover, that Walters, Ames, and Robins all make runs, and we shall then begin to think that English batsmanship is taking on a new lease of life.

By this I do not imply that English batsmanship has been weak in recent years. It would be absurd to deny that we have had plenty of remarkably sound players, but nearly all of them have been craftsmen rather than artists. They have played the correct strokes and returned eminently respecable averages, but their batting has not stirred the blood. They have been nurtured on a restricted orthodoxy, an orthodoxy from which all extravagant blossoms were pruned long ago.

I must admit that I like a dash of extravagance, and that it depresses me to read of a promising youngster that "when he has conquered a tendency to take risks, he will make a useful player."

Admittedly, there are risks of varying degrees, and a distinction must be drawn between laudable aggression and reckless folly. Aggression—that is the point. If Walters, Ames, and Robins make runs they will make them by attacking the bowling, by using their feet and dictating length to the bowler.

RISK, when all is said and done, is the essence of batsmanship, and every forcing stroke is a potential chance to the opposition. Happily, the kindly weather of May and early June has encouraged optimism among our cricketers, and enabled them to recognise a half-volley when they see one. It has, indeed, been a splendid season so far, and several of the younger generation of players have taken a considerable step forward. Barling, John Langridge, Barnett, Fagg, M. J. Turnbull, Squires, and Kilner come readily to mind, and there is no doubt that from the playing point of view, English cricket is healthy enough.

It is important, though—and I say this without wishing to advocate brighter cricket—that the spirit of aggression should be recognised as a virtue, and duly encouraged. Possibly the West Indians will do something to encourage it on Saturday, whether they win the toss or lose it. I should like to see Martindale, a fast bowler with a beautiful action, let himself go, for I have an idea—probably a wrong idea—that he has so far held in reserve just that extra yard of pace which would make him really menacing. I suppose we must take it as definite that Constantine will not be playing—a great pity, this—and that Griffith will therefore open with Martindale.

UNFORTUNATELY, the West Indians are not well equipped with slower-paced bowlers—Achong, Da Costa, and the others, have so far seemed unlikely to disturb class batsmen unduly. This is a weakness, and so is the fact that the West Indian slip fielding has been rather patchy. What is more, their batting has not yet by any means reached Test match consistency, and here again Constantine's genius will be sadly missed. Too much responsibility rests upon Headley, the one outstanding batsman of the side, and in my opinion this responsibility has affected his batting. He has become overanxious, since he knows how much depends upon him, and those who have seen him play in the West Indies tell me that he has deliberately discarded his off-side strokes.

Brighter Cricket !

Iris Ashley and Elizabeth Pollock about to practise preparatory to the Actresses v. Men Authors Match, played yesterday at the second Annual Gala Garden Party in aid of the St. Pancras House Improvement Society

151 FITTINGS AND VARIATIONS IN THE

New Tailoring

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

The cynical say that a man never matters so little as on the day he is married. Whether because of that or in spite of it, it is quite certain that he can never be happy as a bridegroom until he knows he is as near perfection as good clothes can make him.

We have morning coats and waistcoats for six guineas; striped trousers for one pound fifteen shillings and sixpence, and two pounds five shillings and sixpence.

ELEVEN 'NEW TAILORING' CENTRES

West End: 103-113 Regent St., W.1 24 Coventry St., W.1
City: 13 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3. *Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol, Belfast*

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON
P.2363

Fenwick
OF BOND STREET
(CORNER OF BROOK STREET)

SALE of MODELS this Week

In the Fenwick MODEL ROOMS. Gowns, Coats, Suits, together with the entire collection of Original Fenwick Model Suits just released at the end of the Season for Made-to-Measure Tailoring.

Here is one of the Exclusive Fenwick SUITS

REDUCED TO £7

Typical of the Group.
A Three-Piece Sports Suit with Cardigan waistcoat to match in fine smoke-grey Woollen. The Cardigan-and-Skirt is in itself a complete Suit. Reduced to £7.

GOWNS . . . copies of original Models from the leading Paris Model Houses such as LANVIN, BRUYÈRE, MILLER Sœurs MAINBOCHER . . . . . Reduced to £7. PLEASE COME EARLY.

FENWICK, Ladies' Tailors, 63 NEW BOND STREET, W.1.

royds

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful

By "Maquillage"

EVERY DAY AND IN EVERY WAY . . .?

Our Daily Beauty Culture Should Ensure Not Merely the Postponement of Age, But Increasing Loveliness.

YOUTH and beauty are elusive things, and, though miracles may be wrought by modern methods, it is a pity to leave the cultivation of loveliness until some chance remark, a moment's clear-sighted realisation before the mirror, or the increasing difficulty of finding hats or hairdressing to suit one, emphasise the fact that youth is fleeting and drastic measures are necessary if anything is to be "saved out of the wreck."

Such a crisis is unnecessary. Simple, daily care of the complexion, hair and hands with the proper preparations, will suffice, in the words of a well-known beauty specialist, "to ensure to-morrow's beauty as well as to-day's." In fact, the attributes of youth, added to the poise and sympathy and expression born of experience, have perhaps greater value in an older woman than in a young girl, whose clear skin and bright hair are taken for granted. And, provided she has "tended" her beauty wisely, a woman may be more attractive at forty than she was at twenty.

The choice of "beauty" preparations is of paramount importance. The "unknown quantity" is a dangerous one in beauty culture. Cheap cosmetics containing gum arabic, for the sake of its adhesive properties, and other deleterious ingredients, highly scented creams, shampoos to which acids and salts have been added to give temporarily "brightening" effects, may have lastingly injurious results. On the other hand, it is not necessary to spend a fortune on very costly preparations and treatments. It is possible to find preparations and cosmetics for comprehensive beauty culture, of proven efficacy and guaranteed purity at prices which bring them within reach of even those of us with limited incomes.

THERE is much to be said in favour of using the complementary products of one firm and following one particular system. One of the most attractive and undeniably excellent "series" of which I know are those bearing the confidence-inspiring name of a beautiful and perennially young actress—Miss Gladys Cooper. The face cream is a smooth, suave cream, easily absorbed by the pores of the skin, with the dual advantage of cleansing the skin, while feeding it and making it soft and supple. It should be gently massaged (with light, upward movements) into the skin in the morning, before the bath. The steam will aid the natural action of the pores so that the cream is deeply absorbed. Afterwards the face should be gently wiped clean with a tissue or soft towel and Rose Balm, which is a herbal lotion with tonic properties, patted into the skin on a pad of cotton-wool, to close the pores, cool the skin and refine its texture. For enlarged pores and to tone up the facial muscles, the excellent Gladys Cooper astringent lotion should be used. The vanishing cream is a splendid base for the special face powder (made in four shades), which has, in my opinion, exceptional merits: it is pure, it is very fine, it stays on and does not produce that greasiness which often follows the use of a "heavy" powder. The liquid day cream and rouge are both good. All cosmetics should be removed at night with the deep-pore cleansing face cream and skin food applied.

A great advantage of the Gladys Cooper preparations is that they suit the most delicate and varied skins. To my personal knowledge, the face cream proved most beneficial to a girl of fourteen, with a very fair complexion, threatened with the eruptive skin troubles common at that age; while her débutante sister is allowed by her mother, justifiably proud and jealous of her lovely skin, to use *only* Gladys Cooper face cream, Rose Balm, and face powder.

The use of these toilet accessories, plus the astringent and the nutritive skin food, in the case of older women, will immeasurably improve sallow, coarse, tired or imperfect complexions and preserve the flawless beauty of those lucky enough to be born with good complexions, and, by keeping the skin and underlying tissues nourished and stimulated, will avert the catastrophe of an "ageing" skin, which often means only a neglected one.

Make life still easier!

GET AN EXTENSION TELEPHONE

HAVE YOU NOTICED how often the telephone wants you—or you want the telephone—while you are still in the most négligé of attires? Then why not enjoy the luxury of an extension line to your bedroom, when it need cost you but a halfpenny a day?

INQUIRY FORM

TO THE SECRETARY, GENERAL POST OFFICE, LONDON

(A) I should like, without any obligation, to go further into the question of an extension line to my telephone. Please arrange for a representative to call on me.

(B) Please send me full particulars of telephone service—its advantages and its costs.

Strike out whichever lines are not applicable

B.—21-6-33

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

(You need not stamp your envelope) .....

Fill in this coupon or send a postcard

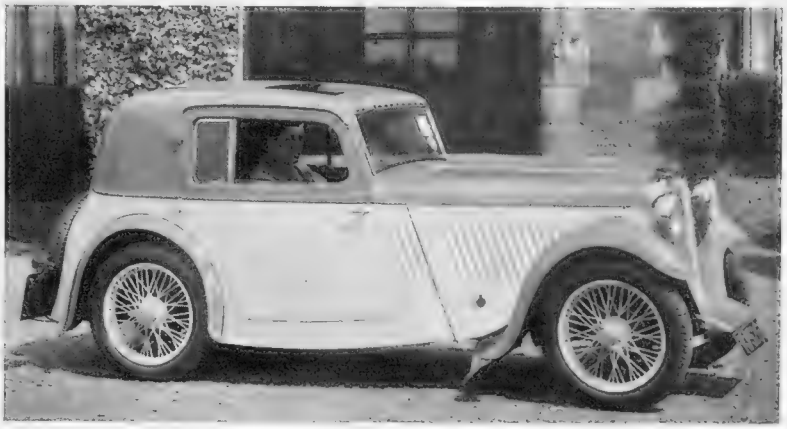
An advertisement of the Post Office Telephone Service

The Earl of Cardigan on Motoring

Gears and the Car: A Notion which Awaits Development

Just recently, my own fairly large car, having contracted an internal malady, I have spent a good deal of time at the wheel of a popular 10 h.p. light car. Generally speaking, this experience has left me with a very high opinion of the modern small machine—in this case, an extremely comfortable two-three seater with capacious dickey seat. I found it, in many respects, quite as pleasant to handle as the average big saloon, and, for negotiating traffic, rather more convenient.

There was, in fact, only one department in which this light car seemed to fall markedly short of the ideal. On main-road runs, I found myself being somewhat worried by the very high "revs" which were required to maintain a reasonably fast cruising pace. Plenty of speed was, indeed, available; but, to me, it was not pleasant to let the little engine "screech round" at anything like its full rate of revolutions.



Gerry Wilson, the well-known steeplechase jockey, seated at the wheel of his Singer sports saloon, of which he has recently taken delivery

To many people, I suppose, this must seem a very unreasonable basis on which to criticise a 10 h.p. model. It may be argued that, in the nature of things, no light car can hope to run at high speed with the same smoothness which characterises the larger machines. The small engine must "rev"; and high "revving" must give the impression, rightly or wrongly, of over-vigorous mechanical effort. This is, I admit, the commonly accepted view; yet I believe that I could design an ideal light car from which this objection would be absent. Moreover, I believe that, in securing easy running at high speed, I could nowadays retain most of the other virtues which the average driver values.

In saying this, I am pinning my faith very largely to the modern simplified gearbox. This, in my opinion, has not yet been fully exploited. It is widely used, and has been adopted by many light-car manufacturers; but, as yet, it has merely served to replace the earlier, conventional type of unit. It has not been given any new or special function to perform. Let us consider, for a moment, the possibilities of one variety alone—the modern epicyclic gear-box. This is usually controlled by means of a short lever carried on the steering column. On the quadrant through which this lever moves, certain words commonly are printed for the driver's guidance. Reading from the bottom of the quadrant upwards, we may find: "Reverse, Neutral, Low, Medium, Normal, High." These names are intended to identify the various gear ratios available.

Now, with all due deference to the firms concerned, such terms are, in fact, quite misleading. The gear marked "Normal" is *not* the car's normal gear. It is a low gear, used only occasionally for climbing or for traffic work. The gear marked "High" is *not* an especially high gear. It is the car's normal gear, in which quite ninety-five per cent. of its running is habitually done. In other words, while the names given may be convenient, they are far from furnishing an accurate description of the ratios to which they refer.

(*Continued on page 552*)

AUSTRIA INVITES YOU

She is a country of eternal romance and imperishable glamour; her attractions embrace every field of human interest and endeavour; hers are the most light-hearted, the most hospitable people of the world. The impressions which she gives the visitor will remain as a lasting pleasant memory.

SEE

THE **SALZKAMMERGUT** with its lovely lakes and mountains.

THE TYROL and its snow-capped peaks.

Visit the SALZBURG MUSIC FESTIVAL

DO COME and you are sure of a

UNIQUE HOLIDAY

Remember: Low prices and a favourable rate of exchange too.

Inclusive terms in Hotels from 7/- per day.

Apply to any TOURIST AGENCY, or to the

AUSTRIAN FEDERAL RAILWAYS

29b, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

"THE DITCH"

THE DITCH, NEWMARKET.

Approximate size of print 15 inches by 10 inches

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

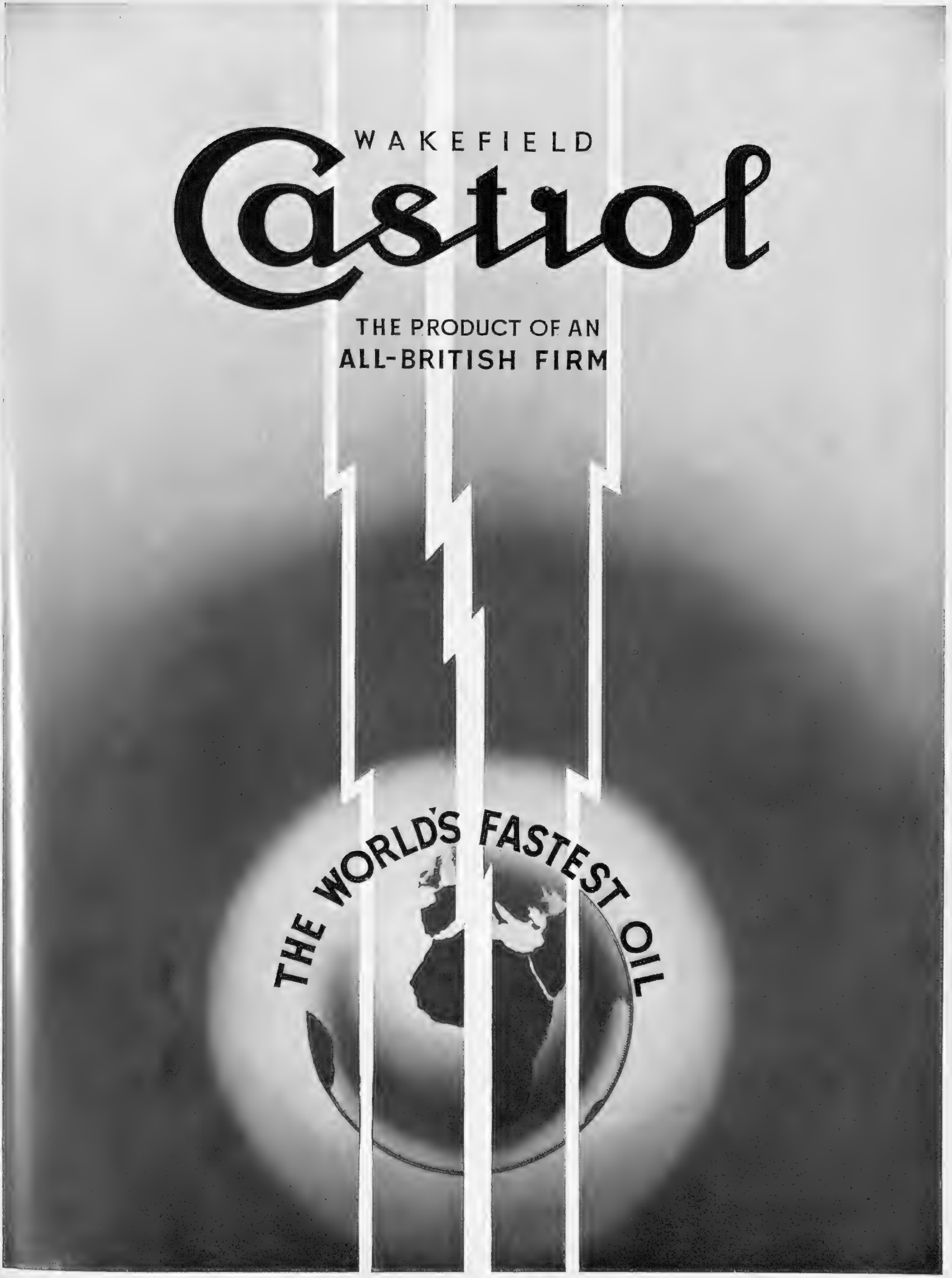
LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.,

recently published in "THE SKETCH," has been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY, and early application for copies is recommended. Both editions of Mr. Edwards' earlier Newmarket subject, "A Training Gallop," are exhausted and that print is now at a premium.

REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 25 only) - - £3 : 3 : 0.
ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 150 only) - - £1 : 11 : 6.

To be obtained from all Printsellers or by post (Inland Registered Postage 1/- extra) from—

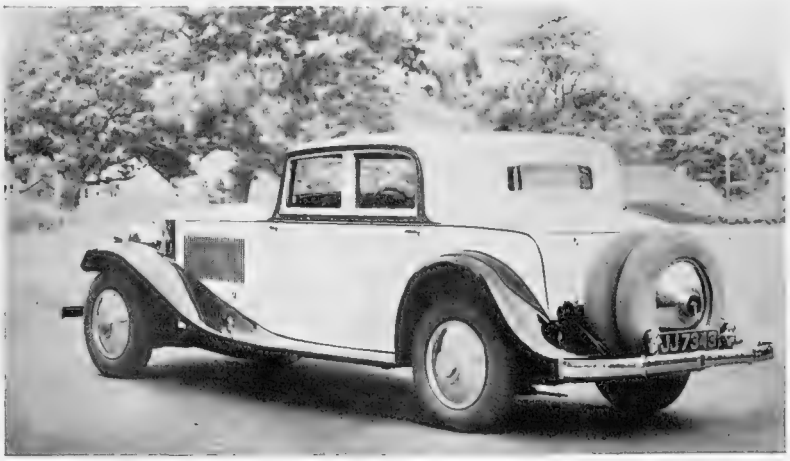
THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1.


WAKEFIELD
Castrol
THE PRODUCT OF AN
ALL-BRITISH FIRM
THE WORLD'S FASTEST OIL

The Earl of Cardigan on Motoring *(Continued from page 550)*

My proposal for devising the ideal light car is simply this. Let four forward gears be employed. Let these conventional names be retained. Let the actual gear ratios, on the other hand, be modified, so that they really fit the descriptions given.

LET us see what this would mean. There would be a Low gear, suitable for starting and for negotiating really steep hills. There would be a Medium gear, suitable for traffic work and for moderate hills. There would be a Normal gear, genuinely intended for normal use, and actually the most suitable for perhaps fifty per cent. of the work which the car would have to do. Finally, there would be a High gear, which would really be high, and which would only be brought into action when the car was travelling fast on a main road.



A 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce sports saloon fitted with a high-compression engine, the body being primarily designed for use in Kenya. Specially deep mudguards, adequate room for four passengers and luggage, a roof insulated by thick felt, blinds to all windows, and a wind-screen with sun-vizors above are some of the features embodied in the Hooper coachwork for rough usage in extreme heat

For those who are mechanically inclined, I would suggest that the following figures might be suitable. Low gear: 20 to 1; Medium: 10 to 1; Normal: 6 to 1; High: 4½ to 1. I think it will be agreed that, in the 6 to 1 Normal gear, a very satisfactory and flexible performance could be expected, with no sense of effort at speeds below 40 m.p.h. In the 4½ to 1 High gear, on the other hand, one could count on exceptionally smooth and easy running at any speed above 30 m.p.h., and within the maximum which any normal owner would be likely to desire.

Personally, I should regard it as delightful to be able to drive comfortably out of London on my Normal gear—making hardly any changes except for the thickest of the traffic. Then, having got well out on to, let us say, the Great North Road, I should rejoice to be able to change "up," with the intention of a little discreet speeding, into my genuine High gear. With the open road stretching out ahead, what could be more pleasant than to settle down to a steady 50 m.p.h. or more, with a 9 h.p. or 10 h.p. engine purring round in the easy and effortless manner usually reserved for the 20 or 30 h.p. units of luxurious limousines?

A FEW years ago, such a notion, I admit, could have been derided as a wild and impracticable dream. To-day, I cannot see what serious objections still hold good. It is true that my imaginary light car would do a great deal of its running in an indirect gear—but what of that? The modern indirect gear is a practically silent ratio. Indeed, except for the rate of engine revolutions, one may often fail to differentiate between the third and top gear ratios of a good modern car.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, *346, Strand, W.C.2. to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

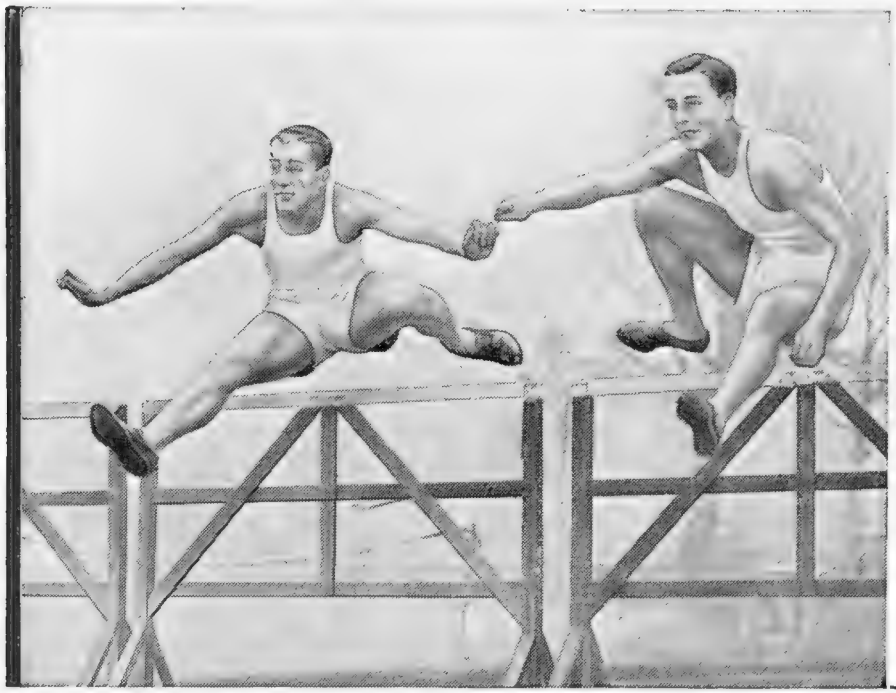
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JUNE

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

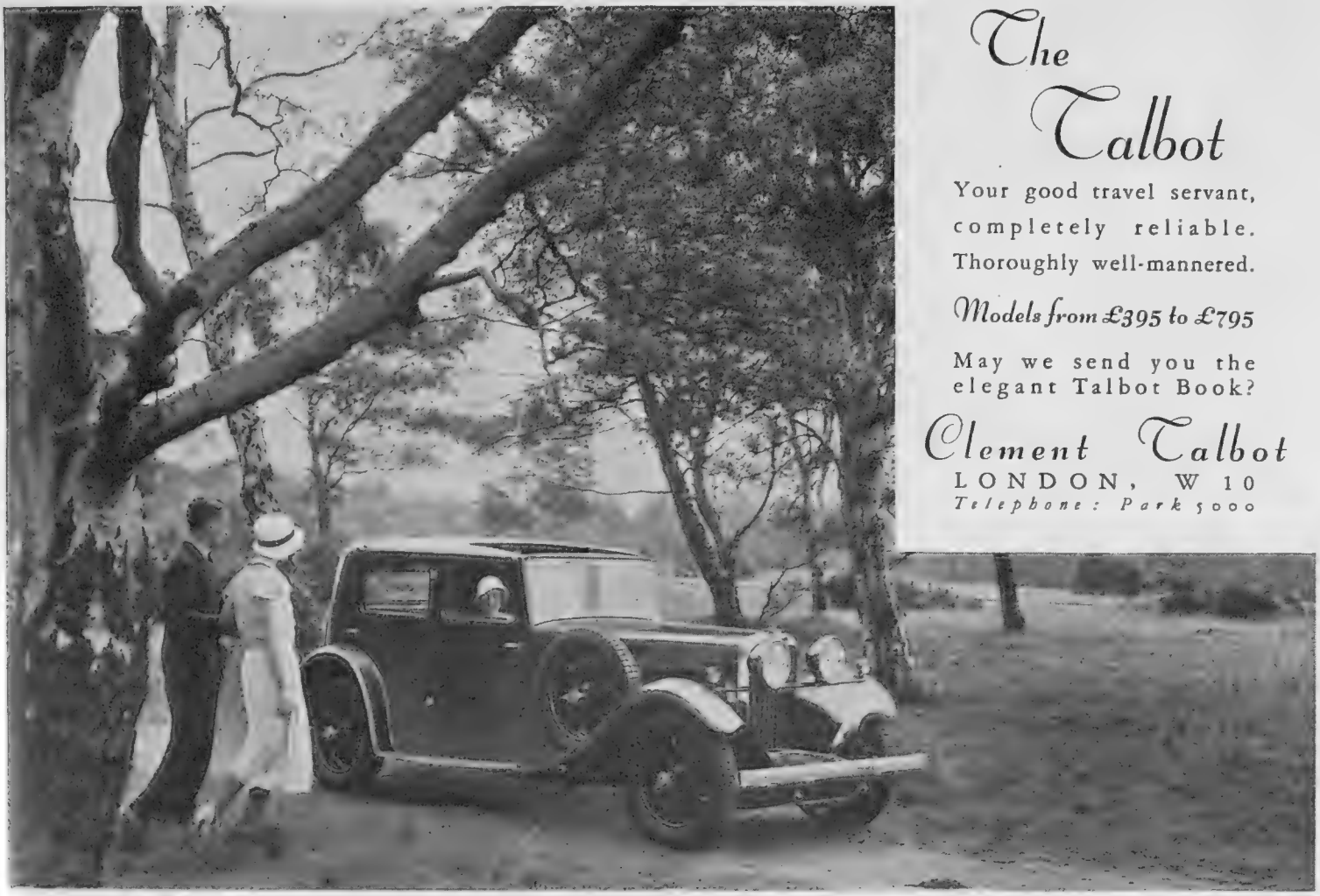
.....



Do you understand the Shell advertisements?

. . . . Oh yes —
I jump to them at once

EVERYBODY KNOWS
YOU CAN BE
SURE OF SHELL



The Talbot

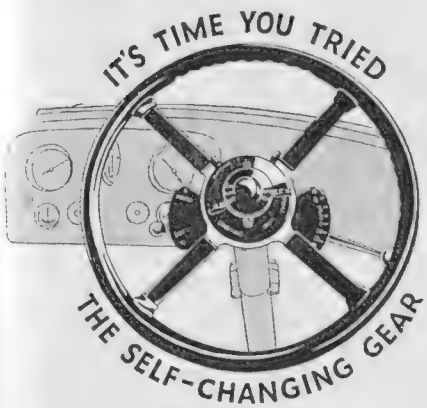
Your good travel servant, completely reliable. Thoroughly well-mannered.

Models from £395 to £795

May we send you the elegant Talbot Book?

Clement Talbot
LONDON, W 10
Telephone: Park 5000

- All 1933 Models on View.
- Exclusive Coachwork on the Talbot "95" and "105" Chassis.
- Best Part Exchange Terms
- Showrooms in Club Land, Shopping Land and the Euston Road.
- Trial Runs from your own Front Door.
- Deferred Payments if Desired.



The four-speed pre-selective, self-changing, self-accelerating gear fitted as standard on all 1933 Talbots is the simplest and most efficient type. It ensures a quick and easy getaway, increases average speeds, makes hill climbing quicker and easier, saves fatigue on long journeys and is a boon in traffic.

AS TALBOT DISTRIBUTORS *our business is to serve you*

As Talbot Distributors we can give you immediate delivery of most models from stock on the best Part Exchange terms for your present car. You will also see in any of our three handy London Showrooms, uncommonly attractive examples of Special Coachwork exclusively designed by ourselves for the Talbot "95" and "105" Chassis.

A phone call will bring any Model to your door to take you for a free trial run.

PASS AND JOYCE LTD.

TALBOT DISTRIBUTORS

373-375, EUSTON ROAD, N.W.1. *'Phone: Museum 8401.*
24-27, ORCHARD STREET, W.1. *(By Selfridge's) 'Phone: Mayfair 5141.*
46-47, PALL MALL, S.W.1. *'Phone: Whitehall 2064.*

Open till 7 p.m. Weekdays and 4 p.m. Saturdays.

The Doggy World

First-Class Passenger Mr. Dog : By Lady Kitty Ritson

THERE are a couple of Dalmatian pups on this ship (en route for America), and a Scottie, but, contrary to other ships in which I have travelled, they are housed on the very top boat-deck.

As a rule, I have seen them down below, and I must say that I think the top deck an improvement. It may be a little colder, but they get constant fresh air, and it would have to be a very big sea which broke over the top of this deck. Many people imagine that dogs travel in great discomfort when they are exported, but, just as in these days even the third-class passengers enjoy comfort which was not to be found in the earlier days in the first-class, so are dogs now reasonably catered for and well looked after.

NOBODY need fear that dogs are going to suffer more than the discomfort of bad weather when crossing to America, for they are put in the charge of the butcher, who is generally a bit of an expert in dog-lore, and who is practically always a dog-lover. Even I, who am unreasonably fussy about the comfort of my dogs, would not object to sending any dog across the Atlantic, for they are properly fed, exercised, and kept clean.

I was on one boat where a certain young lady, with the wilfulness of her sex, gave birth to her puppies too early. Not only she, but the pups did very well, and the ship's doctor did not disdain to offer practical advice and help during the momentous crisis. It may sound unkind to send a "prospective mother" on a journey, and, personally, if it could be avoided, I should much prefer not to, but sometimes it cannot be helped, and it is a blessing to know that they are really well cared for.

Viscountess Chelmsford with her four dogs, Chewton Luke. Solomon, Sprite, and Herod at the Cocker Spaniel Club's Open Championship Show at Silverland's, Chertsey

If you should be going to send dogs anywhere by sea, either in charge of the company or accompanying you, it is well worth while observing a few simple precautions beforehand, for it makes all the difference to their comfort. Aim at getting them very fit and distinctly on the lean side, for, so, they will feel better and suffer less, if it is rough.

MOST dogs, like most people, are apt to become liverish at sea, and if you reduce their rations for ten days beforehand, and also give a small dose of calomel during that time, you will reduce this possibility. Of course, you cannot do this with a bitch in whelp, but with the ordinary dog it is a very good plan.

IT is sometimes a little trying for a house-trained dog which fancies it is in some sort of ship, but I think they soon realise that the deck is not a house. I knew one owner who was travelling on the same ship, and he got over this difficulty by putting on his hat and coat when he went below to exercise the dog, and the little ruse worked perfectly.

I do dread the voyage to India, and as for exporting a dog to Japan, well, no sum on earth would tempt me to do so; but the "hop" across the Atlantic is really nothing to be feared. I don't think that the dogs gain much from the owner being aboard, because it fusses them more; when they are separated from the owner, they resign themselves to the inevitable, and, of course, apart from all humanitarian considerations, it pays the company to land them in first-class condition, for, more often than not, they are carrying animals valued at many hundreds of pounds.

Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It 's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

FONTORICE THE FRENCH VERMOUTH

Obtainable at the leading Wine Merchants and Stores.

Shipping Agents :—
COCK, RUSSELL & CO.
20, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3.

FOR YOUR THROAT

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

YOUR CHEMIST SELLS THEM

8d. and 1/3 per box

RED STAR LINE

Cruises from London by the SUMMER CRUISES

BRITISH LINERS

S.S. BELGENLAND & S.S. LAPLAND

27,200 TONS 18,866 TONS

Date		Ports of Call	Number of Days	Rates from
July 8	SAT.	Malaga (for Granada), Palma, Barcelona and Ceuta (for Tetuan)	13	£15
July 22	SAT.	Cadiz, Barcelona, Palma and Algiers	13	£15
July 29	SAT.	Monte Carlo, Civita Vecchia (for Rome), Naples, Malta and Tunis (for Carthage)	19	£25
Aug. 5	SAT.	Leith (for Edinburgh), Norwegian Fjords and Bergen	14	£16
Aug. 19	SAT.	Monte Carlo, Civita Vecchia (for Rome), Naples, Malta and Tunis (for Carthage)	19	£25
Aug. 26	SAT.	Monte Carlo, Civita Vecchia (for Rome), Naples, Malta and Tunis (for Carthage)	19	£22
Sept. 9	SAT.	Civita Vecchia (for Rome), Naples, Ceuta (for Tetuan) and Vigo	14	£19
Sept. 16	SAT.	Palma, Barcelona, Malaga (for Granada), Tangier and Vigo	14	£16

The S.S. "Belgenland" is the largest ship ever to use the Port of London, and is famous for her seven Round the World Cruises.

Cruises commence and terminate at London.

For full particulars apply:

RED STAR LINE, 38, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3. Or Local Agents

RELIEF FROM HAY-FEVER

Sufferers from this distressing complaint obtain IMMEDIATE relief using Estivin. Get a bottle from your chemist or, if unable to obtain, post free 4/9 from the address below.

ESTIVIN

A liquid preparation of Rosa Gallica.

Thos. Christy & Co. Old Swan Lane, E.C.4.

THE BEST DRESSED LADY IN THE WORLD

Again we have secured some of this Lady's Wonderful EVENING and DAY GOWNS (Latest Models), COATS, 2- and 3-piece SUITS, etc., by CHANEL, PAQUIN. NEW or Worn Once Only. Our Prices 2 to 10 Gns. (Original cost, approximately 40 Gns. each). BEACH SUITS by MOLYNEUX. DAINTY SUMMER FROCKS from 21/-. RIDING HABITS by BUSVINE, etc.

REGENT DRESS AGENCY

Piccadilly Mansions, 17, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

(Next door to Café Monico). *Gerrard 7326.*

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT (NEW SAVILE ROW MISFITS) on separate floor.

WHEN REPLYING

to advertisements please mention

THE BYSTANDER

to ensure prompt attention.

Spiez in Switzerland

Delightfully situated on the Lake of Thun in the Bernese Oberland. Excellent excursions—centre for motor-drives and for the high mountains right up the Jungfrau. Through trains. All sports. Golf. Tennis. Bathing beach.

HOTELS.	Terms en pension.
Eden	80 rms. from 11 frs.
Schloss-Hotel	100 ,, ,, 11 ,,
Spiezerhof	110 ,, ,, 12 ,,
des Alpes	60 ,, ,, 10 ,,

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water Bottled as it flows from the Spring.

To maintain good health and enjoy the pleasure of life, always drink this famous NATURAL Mineral Water and flush impurities from the system. It is invaluable in Digestive and Stomach troubles.

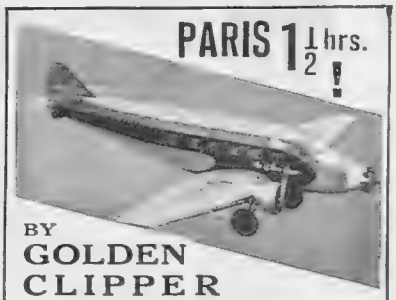
VICHY-CÉLESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half-an-hour before the three daily meals.

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:

INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,

BANGOR WHARF, 45, BELVEDERE RD., LONDON, S.E.1.



BY

GOLDEN CLIPPER

FASTEST yet and still breaking records—the safety Air Liner with the speed of a Scout.

PARIS £6 : 6 : 0 Return

including free transport to and from Aerodromes and ample baggage allowance. Two Pilots—Dual Control—12 seats, wireless, telephones, telegraphs, beacon, toilet.

LE TOUQUET	1 Hour.
SWITZERLAND -	5 Hours.
RIVIERA - -	7 ,,
SPAIN - - - -	9 ,,

CORSICA AND TUNIS.

Send for new Summer Timetable with fares and full details.

fly AIR UNION

Bookings from all Travel Agents or

52, Haymarket, London, S.W.1

'Phone: Whitehall 9671-2-3-4

The Gourmet: By Emilia

A COLD LUNCHEON FOR A MOTOR TRIP

SAVOURY ROLLS

Fillings for Sandwiches, viz.: Minced chicken with mayonnaise sauce. Chopped prawns and mayonnaise. Very thin slices of Cheddar cheese with a very little chutney.

MAYONNAISE OF SALMON.

CHICKEN MOULD

GALANTINE OF VEAL

CUCUMBER, TOMATO AND BANANA SALAD

VARIOUS PASTRIES. CAKE, CHEESE, BISCUITS

Savoury Rolls

CUT the bottoms carefully off some small rolls, scoop out the crumb and reserve the bottoms to replace when filled. Mix some essence of anchovy and a little cayenne with a large pat of butter, and put inside the rolls. Then mince up any kind of poultry, lobster or cold fish, some finely shred lettuce, and a good spoonful of tartare sauce. Fill the rolls with this, replace the bottoms and serve garnished with watercress.

Chicken Mould

MINCE very finely some cold chicken (about 1 lb.) and mix with it one teaspoonful of minced onion, two teaspoonfuls of minced parsley, salt, cayenne, pepper, and a very little grated nutmeg. Moisten with one gill of stock, and add two beaten eggs, press into a mould, and steam one hour. Set on ice till firm, and turn out.

Galantine of Veal

ONE pound of fillet of veal, ½-lb. of lean ham, ½-lb. of breadcrumbs, all put through the mincing machine. Mix well together, adding two well-beaten eggs, and flavouring to taste. Also add a little good stock. Tie in the form of a roly-poly in a cloth very tightly, and boil in stock for over two hours. Take out of stock, press into shape, and glaze when cold.

The Editor's Box

Who Likes the Sun? — Two Holiday Appeals

SUN-BATHING, which started in England as a fashionable craze for a nice, even, all-over tan, has now become not only a habit but a necessity to almost everyone. At least, those who have the chance to lie peacefully in the summer sunshine, letting it bake through to their very bones, feel now that they could hardly face the winter without their due allowance of violet rays. To these lucky ones, who are getting ready their plans and their bathing-dresses for this summer's sun-holiday, two appeals are addressed.

THOUSANDS of families, living in terribly crowded conditions in sunless and almost airless back streets, have no more hope of getting away, even for a week-end, to the country, than they have of moving to flats overlooking Hyde Park. The days grow hotter and hotter, and the roads get dustier and the flowers in the window-boxes more bedraggled, and still the sun and the sea and the fields are as far away as ever, except for organisations like the Church Army Fresh Air Fund, whose Homes are open to those who have no other means of escaping. Five pounds will give a mother and children two weeks by the seaside, and, for 21s., a mother and child can go for one week. Anyone who wants to help this work is asked to send contributions to Prebendary Carlile, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Church Army Fresh Air Homes, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

AND then there are the children who have been born in poverty and whose lives are darkened by the shadows of privation and want, of starvation and illness. Thousands of children, on whom the sun of comfort and well-being had never shone, have been given light and hope and food for body and mind by Dr. Barnardo's Homes, where the motto is "No really destitute child ever refused admission." Contributions are asked that this "family," consisting of nearly 3,300 children, may be helped still more and that other lost and lonely ones may join them.

Mollie Lamont

The well-known screen actress, was one of the guests at the opening of the new showrooms and private theatre of Messrs. Philips Lamps, Ltd., and saw there all the apparatus through which her own pictures have so often been projected

THE SUBSTANCE OF PERFECTION

The cares of the day have been laid aside ....good fellowship and understanding have their hour...and once again PLAYER'S come into their own.

PLAYER'S

PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
100's BOXES 4'8 · FLAT TINS OF 50 2'6

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland). Ltd. N.C.C.134

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. June 21, 1933.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

I BELIEVE

that you can carry BEAUTY with you wherever you go, whether it be for the week-end or for summer holidays. I have created the lovely Beauty Box in morocco leather, sketched above, which holds an adequate supply for many weeks of your own particular choice of my creams, lotions and powder. Price **4½ gns.** Do not forget to take away my famous Reducing Chinstrap—priced **21/.** for the moments of relaxation.

SYLVIA IRONSIDE LTD, 20 BRUTON ST., W.1. Mayfair 0070

VASCO'S "PLASTIC" HAIR FASHION

The greatest innovation of our epoch, has diffused its irresistible **CHARM** amongst all. For we now see in theatres and fashionable rendezvous that many of the young, the not so young, and others, have discarded the antique, uniform, heavily waved **COIFFURE** for **VASCO'S** youthful, elegant and artistic **"PLASTIC,"** the simple sculpture-like lines of which are ever provokingly attractive, ideally **"INDIVIDUAL."** and is never ruffled.

Mr. Vasco designs a Plastic for each client free of charge.

Example of a "Plastic"

Wearers ot Postiche can have semi or whole head coverings. "Plastic fashions" from **£8 8s.** Models sent on approval.

Our clinic for the treatment of Hair and Scalp disorders enjoys a world-wide reputation. Send particulars of complaint and few combings. Advice is free.

Write for full particulars:

T. VASCO, LTD.
16 Dover Street, W.1.

World-Celebrated Inventors of Hair and Hat Fashions and Experts in Permanent Waving, Tinting, Postiche and Trichology.

Telephone: Regent 3324 (4 lines).

Everything
1833—*for*—1933
Everybody's Wear.

PETER ROBINSON

CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

All that is best of a hundred years' trading, STYLE, VALUE and EFFICIENT SERVICE, is now being demonstrated by SPECIAL PRICES IN ALL SECTIONS. For the Holidays, for Cruising, for Sports, for all occasions, there are wonderful shopping opportunities for Everyone.

The suit illustrated is typical of a wide variety of practical styles.

520—A smart GLEN-HAR Cardigan Suit in one of the season's latest novelty materials. The Coat, which is lined, has a detachable scarf collar, and the skirt has gored effect in front and panel pleat at back. Colours; include black *and* white; navy *and* white; bottle-green *and* white; and nigger-brown *and* white. *Sizes:* S.W., W. *and* O.S. - - - 5½ Gns.

For the convenience of customers who cannot shop early in the day, the premises remain open until 6.30.

During the Celebrations, interesting Displays and Demonstrations will be given in different Departments, while a special feature each day will be a MANNEQUIN PARADE of the LATEST FASHIONS in the Restaurant at 11.30 a.m. and 3.30 p.m.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., OXFORD ST. & REGENT ST., W.1.
Telephone: Museum 7700.

For those Showery Summer Days

A MOST ATTRACTIVE WATERPROOF

This lightweight waterproof is made in white crêpe-de-Chine neatly trimmed with black. Should you be of a more colourful mind, we have a selection of fashionable colours with contrasting trimmings

Incidentally, this is only one of our many smart waterproofs available in our showrooms.

PRICE 84/-

Elvery's 'never mind the weather' wear

J. W. ELVERY & Co. Ltd.,
31 CONDUIT ST. LONDON. W.1.

To SCOTLAND *and back for a penny a mile*

They've torn all the legends and romance out of our history books and given us facts and figures instead; but whatever they do they can't spoil Scotland. In the hills and glens of Scotland, in the land of Scott and Burns, romance is in the very air you breathe.

And how cheaply you get there with the new Summer Tickets—all the way to Scotland and back for a penny a mile. It's not just a short excursion ticket—you come back any time up to a month from the day of issue.

Scotland's the place for holidays this year. We can all afford to go now. And when you get there buy one of the Holiday Contract Tickets. They vary in price from 7/6 and allow you to travel within a wide area as much as you like for a week.

With a return ticket to Scotland, you now have the choice of travelling back by the East Coast, West Coast, or Midland routes, with break of journey at any station.

The following holiday guides are obtainable from L·N·E·R or L M S offices and agencies:

L·N·E·R—
"The Holiday Handbook" (in the bright red cover) 6d.
"Scotland" (Free)

L M S—
"Scottish Apartments Guide" (3d.)
"Scotland for the Holidays" (Free)
"The Romance of Scotland" (Free)

MOTOR CARS accompanied by one first-class or two third-class adult passengers are conveyed to include outward and homeward journeys at the reduced rate of 4½d. a mile charged on the single journey mileage for distances not less than 50 miles. Single journey charges at 3d. a mile.

L·N·E·R
LONDON AND NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY

LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RAILWAY
L M S

Stay at L·N·E·R and L M S Hotels

Natural Hair of Lustrous Beauty

Here are toupets and chignons . . . creations of skilful artists . . . switches of natural hair . . . and transformations wonderfully modelled . . . perfect in shape and shade . . . lustrous and comfortable . . . for those whose hair is thinning or turning grey.

Call at our West End Salon or send for illustrated brochure (B). Over thirty-seven years' reputation is your guarantee of strictest confidence and complete satisfaction.

Transformations from £2 10 9.
Switches of Pure Human Hair from 5/9.
Chignons and Swathes from 10/9.

The Manageress:
UNIVERSAL HAIR CO.,
80/84, Foxberry Rd., Brockley, London, S.E.
West End Salon: 1, Berners St., Oxford St., W.
'Phone. Museum 3128.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Removed by Electrolysis at Home

The Vandré Home Electrolysis Outfit enables any lady to remove disfiguring hairs in privacy at home, saving pounds. The only known permanent way, removing each hair and root completely, without any discomfort, leaving the skin lovely. It has never failed and is so simple a child could use it; guaranteed. Complete, with full instructions. £4.4.0, or 20/- and 10/- monthly. Trial free. Illustrated brochure free, in plain envelope.

VANDRE CO. (Dept. 16), 227 BATH ST., GLASGOW.

A guaranteed preventative for travel sickness

Those who suffer discomfort when travelling by bus, train or boat should try these new tasteless capsules. Easy to take; perfectly harmless. Prevent and quickly cure all sickness.

3/- and 5/- all chemists,
or post free from:—
MOUAT LABORATORIES
Queen's Gardens, London, W.2

SEALANDAIR

THE THREE NATIONAL AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS

ALL WON WITH THE

NORTH BRITISH

GOLF BALL

THIS outstanding ball was chosen on its merits by the present holders of all three National Amateur Championships.

English Amateur	***1933***
Scottish Amateur	***1932***
Irish Open Amateur	***1932***

THE CHOICE OF CHAMPIONS

From your Pro. or Sports Dealer
North British S.S. 2/-
North British STANDARD
Mesh or dimple

Made in Edinburgh by

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., LTD.

DISTINCTIVE SIMPLICITY

(Right). Perfectly tailored white piqué tennis frock, with box pleats at front, sides and back of skirt. Belt fastens with latest dog-lead clasp. **3 gns.**
In white silk piqué. **5 gns.**

Heavy-weight silk moucheté dress. Trimmed hand-faggotting and appliquéd bows of material. Very elegant and slimming model. Available in "dull pink," pastel green, primrose and natural . . **6½ gns.**

THE WHITE HOUSE
51, New Bond Street,
LONDON, W.1.

Come to the City—It pays

A Wonderful New Collection of Fashionable

FURS

all thoroughly reliable and of guaranteed quality are being offered NOW at enormously reduced

SUMMER PRICES

NOW is the right time to buy—Prices have been tremendously cut, in fact there are hundreds of magnificent and thoroughly reliable Fur Stoles and Fur Coats obtainable at less than HALF PRICE. As Manufacturing Furriers with no shop premises we are able to eliminate the usual "Middleman's Profits"—a point worth remembering. Call and compare our Value before purchasing elsewhere.

Fur Repairs at Summer charges.

WRITE FOR SUMMER CATALOGUE

Silver Fox

Exceptionally smart Canadian Silver Fox Wrap as illustrated, made from two magnificent whole skins of choicest quality. Fur both sides with mounted heads and fine full silky brushes.

Reduced Summer Price 29 Gns.

Single-Skin Stoles .. .. .. 15 Gns.

Hundreds of reliable Fur Coats from 15 Gns.

A REAL BARGAIN

CITY FUR STORE

Manufacturing Furriers,
64 ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON, E.C.4
We have no shop—Showrooms First Floor.

Large Selections gladly sent on Approval.

RAINING again! And a car keeps you dry only so long as you're in it—may have half a mile to walk from the parking place.

Take your Dexter. Driver or passenger—you'll find its easy cut, its ample lines and its lack of bulk make it the ideal coat in any car. And in an open tourer a most welcome shield from the flying dust, bringing you to your journey's end trim and unruffled, fully protected against anything up to a cloudburst!

Dexter

As British as the Weather—but Reliable.
Priced at three guineas and upwards
from specialist outfitters everywhere.

HAMPTONS

BEAUTIFUL CARPETS

EXTRA FINE GRADE

INDIAN CARPETS

Some examples of exceptional value

We invite you to compare the actual quality and prices of these super-grade Carpets. The designs and colourings are, in almost every instance, made exclusively for Hamptons, and the Carpet illustrated is a typical example of the very varied and extensive selection on view. The following are a few examples of the sizes:

ft.	in.		ft.	in.		£	s.	d.	ft.	in.		ft.	in.		£	s.	d.
8	3	×	6	5	.. ..	5	13	6	13	2	×	11	4	.. ..	15	19	6
9	3	×	6	6	.. ..	6	9	0	13	4	×	10	3	.. ..	14	13	0
9	4	×	7	7	.. ..	7	12	6	14	2	×	11	3	.. ..	17	1	6
9	11	×	9	2	.. ..	9	14	6	14	4	×	9	2	.. ..	14	1	6
10	5	×	7	4	.. ..	8	4	0	14	5	×	10	2	.. ..	15	14	0
10	9	×	9	1	.. ..	10	9	6	15	2	×	12	3	.. ..	19	18	0
11	11	×	9	3	.. ..	11	16	0	15	3	×	9	3	.. ..	15	2	0
12	6	×	10	6	.. ..	14	1	0	15	11	×	11	3	.. ..	19	3	6
13	0	×	12	3	.. ..	17	1	0	16	3	×	13	4	.. ..	23	3	6

PLAIN SEAMLESS CARPETS

Hamptons stocks afford an immense selection in the most up-to-date shades, and in qualities which range from the LEAST EXPENSIVE BUT DEPENDABLE MAKES TO THE MOST LUXURIOUS GRADES MANUFACTURED. The prices are most competitive. Below are typical Seamless Axminsters of British Manufacture:

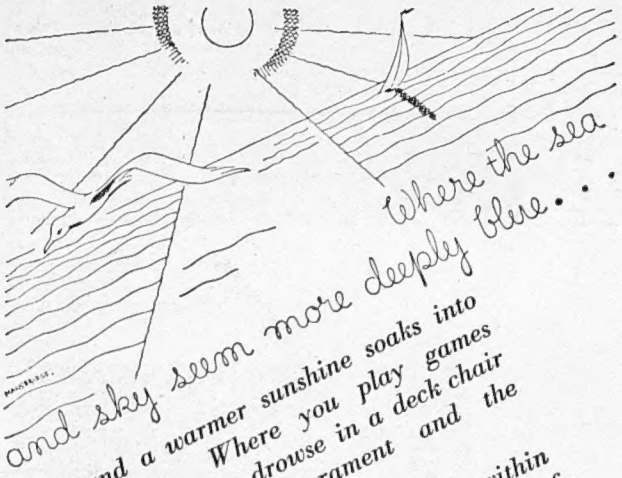
ft.	in.		ft.	in.		£	s.	d.	ft.	in.		ft.	in.		£	s.	d.
6	0	×	6	0	.. ..	2	3	0	10	6	×	9	0	.. ..	5	13	0
7	6	×	6	0	.. ..	2	13	9	10	6	×	10	6	.. ..	6	11	9
9	0	×	6	0	.. ..	3	4	6	12	0	×	9	0	.. ..	6	9	0
9	0	×	7	6	.. ..	4	0	9	12	0	×	10	6	.. ..	7	10	6
9	0	×	9	0	.. ..	4	16	9	13	6	×	9	0	.. ..	7	5	3
10	6	×	7	6	.. ..	4	14	0	13	6	×	10	6	.. ..	8	9	3

Please write for Hamptons New FURNISHING BOOK C.155, illustrating delightful examples of keen value and high quality in every Department. Many of the newest Fabrics and Carpets are illustrated in colour, and the Book is sent post free.

HAMPTONS, PALL MALL EAST, TRAFALGAR SQ., LONDON, S.W.1

Telephones: Whitehall 1020

CVS-369



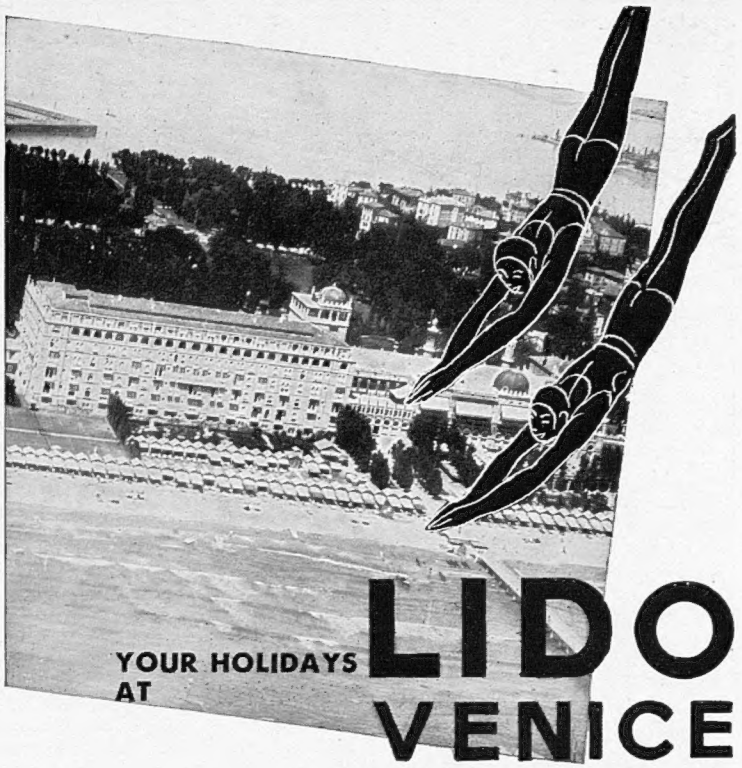
Where the sea and sky seem more deeply blue . . .

. . . and a warmer sunshine soaks into your skin. Where you play games tremendously or drowse in a deck chair according to temperament and the time of day . . .

Where there is tennis and squash within the grounds and golf near by, acres of shady grounds, pine trees, and private sea front, dancing every week-end and exquisite cooking always . . .

Branksome Tower Hotel Bournemouth

Write L. Burdet, Manager (Late of the Carlton Hotel, London), for Brochure. 'Phone: Bournemouth 4000.



YOUR HOLIDAYS AT **LIDO VENICE**

Enjoyment every hour from the morning swim to the evening gala dance.

EXCELSIOR PALACE
GRAND HOTEL DES BAINS
GRAND HOTEL LIDO
HOTEL VILLA REGINA

En pension guests at these Lido hotels may take one meal daily in Venice at a corresponding hotel:
DANIELI — GRAND — REGINA — VITTORIA

Particulars from F. A. MERENDA, 190 Piccadilly, W.1, or any Travel Agency.

CHEAP HOLIDAY FACILITIES

TO
BELGIUM, HOLLAND AND GERMANY

LONG DAY, WEEK-END
AND
6-17 DAY TICKETS
FROM

London (Liverpool Street Stn.)
and important L·N·E·R
Provincial Stations

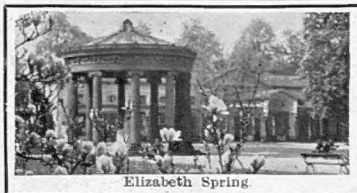
For full particulars see booklet No. 42 obtainable from Continental Traffic Manager, L·N·E·R, Liverpool Street Station or Hull; 71, Regent Street or 59, Piccadilly, W.1. Wm. H. Müller & Co. (London), Ltd., 66, Haymarket, S.W.1, or 78, Moorgate, E.C.2; L·N·E·R Stations, Offices or Tourist Agencies.

ZEELAND Day Line
L·N·E·R Night Routes
VIA HARWICH

Heidelberg

On your way along the Rhine, 4½ hours from Cologne, 12 hours from Flushing.

GERMANY'S
Most Romantic Town
Finest Castle Ruins
Oldest University
(founded in 1386).



Elizabeth Spring

BAD HOMBURG
(near Frankfort on Main)

The Spa for Obesity and Digestive troubles. The resort of King Edward VII. Prospectus from Kurvernaltung, Bad Homburg.

Cuticura OINTMENT

Is best for skin troubles. Red, rough skin, sore, itching, burning feet, chafing, chapping, rashes, irritations, cuts and burns, are quickly relieved and healed by applications of **Cuticura Ointment.** No household should be without it.

Sold at all chemists. Price 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.

WHEN REPLYING
to advertisements please mention
THE BYSTANDER
to ensure prompt attention.

SPEED with QUALITY
FILMS DEVELOPED FOR 6d
6 or 8 Ex.— SAME DAY
WALLACE HEATON LTD.
119, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"

a clean sheet for over a quarter-century

Douglas Stuart

IS WAITING TO OPEN AN ACCOUNT WITH YOU

STUART HOUSE · SHAFTESBURY AVENUE · LONDON